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IN AN OLD GARDEN.

BY M. H. BROWNE.

Yellow roses, purple pansies,
Tufts of heavy-headed stocks;
Either side the quaint old gateway
Blazing, torch-like hollyhocks.

Boxwood borders—yews fantastic—
Wallflowers that with every sigh
Spill such scent that e'en the brown bees
Reel with rapture wandering by.

Oh, the ecstasy of living!
How it thrills my life to-day!
I can almost hear the flower bells
Tinkle where my footsteps stray!

In a garden God first placed man,
There first woke Love's magic thrill;
And methinks a breath of Eden
Clings to earth's old gardens still.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CURIOUS expression, almost one of satisfaction, shone for a moment in Percy Levant's dark eyes.

"I understand," he said quietly. "Though not with us you will be near at hand? And I am to come here the day after the wedding?"

"Yes," said Spenser Churchill, nodding complacently. "You will come to me and obtain the key to the enigma, and I flatter myself, my dear Percy, that you will, I fear, alas, for the first time, overwhelm me with gratitude! Ah, lucky, lucky boy! If I had had the good fortune in early life to possess such a friend as I have proved myself to you, where should I be now, I wonder?" and he sighed unctuously.

"In gaol, I should say," retorted Percy grimly. Then he added quickly," But I like your plan, and I will do my best to carry it out. As you say, it is too late to draw back now——"

"Much too late," laughed the philanthropist, "even if you wished to, which you do not, my dear boy."

"No, I do not," he assented, and he took a cigar from his case and lit it, his white, shapely hands trembling slightly. "I am willing to follow your instructions; and all I ask is that which you have consented to: that you keep away from Pescia."

Spenser Churchill nodded acquiescingly. "Certainly. I agree with you, that the less I am in evidence the better."

As he spoke, a footman came across the lawn with a telegram.

It was from Lord Cecil, and had been forwarded from Meurigey's. Mr. Spenser Churchill took it and opened it.

"The marquis's condition is unaltered. Cecil Neville," it ran.

He tore it into minute fragments.

"A request that I will speak at the annual meeting of the Washerwomen's Burial Fund next week. You see what sacrifices I am making in your behalf, my dear Percy," he said, shaking his head. "I think I am rather thirsty: it is this peculiar air, I suppose. A small brandy-and-soda, now—will you join me, my dear Percy? No?" and with a gentle sigh he ambled towards the house.

Percy Levant dropped down on the grass and smoked furiously for some minutes, then he flung the cigar from him as if he were to agitated to smoke.

"Yes, I'll do it—I'll do it!" he muttered. "Oh, my beautiful angel, for your sake,—it is for your sake!"

* * * * * *

Some men take a great deal of killing; the Marquis of Stoyle ought, according to medical rules and poetical justice, to have died out of hand; but he clung to life tenaciously, and not only refused to die, but got better!

In ten days from Spenser Churchill's departure, his lordship rallied, and to the surprise of everyone, including the doctors, regained sufficient strength to enable him to leave his bed.

But a great change had taken place; one of those extraordinary changes which baffle medical science and set all its knowledge at nought. The marquis had not lost his reason, but his memory.

He was perfectly sane, understood every word that was said to him, and could converse with all his wonted acuteness and sardonic cynicism; but he had forgotten everything excepting those things which had occurred in years long back.

It was exactly as if the latter years of his life, with all their experience, had been wiped clean from the tablets of his mind, and as he sat in his easy chair looking out of the window, he was under the impression that his wife had just left him, and that time had put back the hands on life's dial twenty years.

The doctors were both startled and puzzled. If he had become actually insane and idiotic, they could have understood it; but that a man should lose all hold upon twenty years of his life, and yet be able to understand what was said to him and converse rationally, was little short of phenomenal.

They sent for Lord Cecil, who came hurriedly, and was received by the old man with a cold, haughty courtesy, as if they had not met for years.

"I am glad to see you Cecil," he said. "You have altered a great deal since I saw you last: you have grown; grown very much. I suppose you think of entering the army? Well, I will consider the matter. I imagine you would do as much mischief as a civilian as you will do as a soldier. Tell your father, my brother, that, though I bear him no good-will, I will do my duty by you. Ask the steward to give you a five-pound note, and—you may go now, please," and Lord Cecil, dismissed like a school-boy, left the room, too embarrassed and confounded to utter a word.

"What is to be done?" he said to the doctors. "Will he remain like this? It is terrible, terrible!"

Sir Andrew shook his head.

"It is very extraordinary, very; but I must remind you, Lord Cecil, that it might be worse. His lordship is in possession of all his faculties, and, excepting this remarkable loss of memory, is as sane as you and I. I have had a long, and I must add, most interesting conversation with him this morning, and he talked with all his old brilliance——"

"And bitterness," said the other famous doctor, under his breath.

"As to how long this singular lapse of memory will affect him, I really cannot say. It is an altogether unusual case. It is very bad, my lord, I admit," for Lord Cecil was much moved by the old man's condition; "but, as I say, it might be worse. His lordship's physical strength is improving daily, we may say hourly."

Lord Cecil sighed.

"It is dreadful to hear him talk so strangely," he said. "Can nothing be done; no experiment be tried? Perhaps if I brought Lady Grace?"

"Bring her ladyship by all means?" said the doctor. "There is no knowing what a familiar face may do. Yes, bring her, Lord Cecil."

Cecil jumped into a hansom, and returned with Lady Grace, whom he took up to the marquis's chair.

"Here is Grace, sir," he said.

"Grace, Grace? What Grace?" demanded the old man, with a hard, keen glance at the beautiful face he used to know so well. "I have not the honor and pleasure of the young lady's acquaintance. Do me the favor to introduce me, if you please."

"Surely you know me, dear marquis!" said Lady Grace, bending over him.

The old man took her hand and turned it over in his with a vacant smile. "Let me see, Peyton calls the girl of his Grace, doesn't he? Are you Peyton's daughter?"

"You know I am, my lord!" she said. "You remember my father; your oldest friend!"

"Jack Peyton! oh, yes!" he said, with his old caustic smile. "My oldest and best friend: he proved himself so by running off with the girl I was going to marry. And then I married Lucy——" his lips tightened and seemed to grow stiff and hard—"and she ran away too. I daresay she had reason. The child was a girl: it ought to have been a boy, and I hated it because it was not one. Yes, it ought to have been a boy and cut out Cecil. And now Cecil will be the heir. I beg your pardon, Cecil," he broke off with his sardonic smile, "I forgot you were present. Yes, it was a girl. Someone told me that it was dead: and Lucy too. No, I don't wear mourning, why should I?" with a hard, haughty stare. "Let the man who went with her wear mourning: I daresay he regrets her, the fool. He was an old flame of hers. Spenser Churchill can tell you all about him, for he helped me to get Lucy away from him. Heaven knows what I saw in her to take so much trouble! I don't! Where is Churchill, by the way?" he broke off to inquire.

"He is on the continent, sir," said Lord Cecil.

"Oh! What a Pecksniff the fellow is! The biggest hypocrite on the face of the earth, but useful—oh! yes, useful! And so you are Grace Peyton, are you?" turning his glittering eyes upon Lady Grace, who shrank back half frightened. "Hem! I should think you'd make a good match with Cecil."

"Have you forgotten that we are engaged, Cecil and I, marquis?" she murmured, bending over him.

"Engaged, are you?" he said. "Rather early, isn't it? But I've no objection. Engaged to Cecil, eh? By gad, I pity you if he has any of the Stoyle temper! The Stoyles are the worst husbands in the world, so they say, and I think it's true. He'll make you wish you were dead before you have been married twelve months!"

"Come away, Grace," said Cecil, pale and stern, and he led her out of the room.

"Oh! Cecil, I am so sorry!" she murmured, clinging to his arm, and looking up into his face. "And we were to be married soon, too!"

"Yes," he said, "I am afraid the wedding must be put off, Grace!" and, though he spoke in accents of regret, a guilty thrill of relief shot through him. "Poor old man!—poor old man! We were never on very affectionate term, but it hurts me to see him like this!"

"And he may remain like it for ever so long!" she said, raising her eyes as her head lay on his breast. "For months, perhaps. Do—do you think it would matter if we had a quiet, a very quiet wedding, Cecil?"

He frowned.

"I am afraid it isn't possible, Grace," he replied, and again he was conscious of the same guilty thrill of relief.

She drew a long breath, and pulled irritably at the lace on her sleeve.

"It couldn't have been more awkward if he had died," she said, almost sullenly.

Lord Cecil looked down at her gravely.

"I am very glad he is not dead," he said. "I hope, and I think, he may recover completely! We can wait, Grace."

"Oh, yes," she said, with an effort; "we can wait; but it is terribly awkward, all the same, and people are talking so."

"Let them talk!" he said, almost sternly. "What do I—or what should you—care what they say?"

A week passed, the marquis still remained in the same condition mentally, but physically he progressed in a remarkable manner.

To all intends and purposes he was as well and strong as he was before his sudden attack, and one morning he rang for his valet, and said, in his old, haughty, listless manner,—

"It is very cold here, in London, Williams."

"Cold, my lord? We are all complaining of the heat."

"So you may be, but that does not affect me, if I am cold," retorted the marquis grimly. "I shall go south! Pack up what is necessary, and see that we start to-morrow."

The valet was too well trained to exhibit any sign of surprise.

"Yes, my lord," he said quietly. "Lord Cecil will accompany us, I presume?"

"You do presume!" retorted the marquis. "Lord Cecil will not accompany us! Great Heaven, do you think I want a school-boy hanging to my coat tails? Certainly not—we go alone! Let me see, it will be very pleasant in Italy! Rome! No; not Rome, it will be too crowded; and Florence is full of tourists at this time! We will go to Pescia."

"Very good, my lord," said the man, and he left the room and went straight to the doctors.

"Italy!" said Sir Andrew. "Well, yes, it will do his lordship no harm and may do him good. Pescia is a quiet place and will suit the marquis. I will write to the doctor over there and ask him to watch his lordship. And he wants to go alone, does he? Well, I suppose you can take care of him?"

The valet professed himself quite capable of doing so, and in the end it was decided not to thwart the sick man's fancy.

Lord Cecil was consulted and came to see him.

"Will you not let me come with you, sir?" he asked.

"Thanks, no," replied the marquis. "Delighted as I should be to have you as my companion," with a bow, "I must not forget that your military duties have a prior claim upon you. No, I shall go alone. I am aware that you all think I am dying, but I can assure you, with some regret, that you are very much mistaken. You will have to wait for the title a little longer, Cecil Neville," and he smiled sardonically.

What could Cecil say or do but assist as far as he was able in securing the comfort and safety of the old man who even in his weakness possessed a fiercer self-will than most men can boast of in the prime of their strength?

They wrote to the English doctor at Pescia, engaged a villa in the best part of the town, and sent over his lordship's travelling chariot and those servants whom he was accustomed to have about him. And Cecil himself accompanied the party across the channel, though even to this short escortage the marquis was opposed.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed irritably, "I have travelled half round the globe several times without your assistance, and I cannot conceive why you should consider it necessary to bore yourself, and me, too, by coming across the channel."

"You forget that you have been ill, sir," said Cecil quietly, "and that it is my duty to see that your journey is made as comfortable as possible."

"Thanks," retorted the marquis. "It's a pity you couldn't have arranged a calm passage, but you couldn't do that, and for the life of me I can't think of anything else you can do. Good-bye. Don't trouble to write; I hate reading letters when I am abroad."

And this, with a cold touch of his thin hand, comprised his adieu to his nephew and heir!

CHAPTER XXXII.

REALLY, that was a very good idea of Mr. Spenser Churchill's," said Lady Despard, looking round her as she leant over the bridge which spans the river running sleepily down to the sea. "I should never have thought of coming to Pescia; but then I never have any ideas of any sort, and Mr. Spenser Churchill is so clever, isn't he, Mr. Levant?" she added, turning her head lazily to where Percy Levant sat upon the stone coping of the bridge, looking down at the river, and now and again glancing at the face of Doris, who stood with her eyes fixed dreamily upon the perfect blue of the skies.

"Oh, yes; he is very clever," he assented quietly,—"very!"

"And I really think the change is doing Doris good," continued her ladyship, looking admiringly and affectionately at the ivory pale face and dark blue eyes; "I think she is better. Not much to boast of in the way of color, perhaps; but we have only been here ten days, and you never do run to color, do you, Doris?"

Doris started.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said. "I am afraid I was not listening——"

Lady Despard laughed.

"What a dreamer you are, dear," she said banteringly. "I often wish you would sell me your thoughts for the proverbial penny; they should be worth it, judging by your face. Does she sell them—or give them to you, Mr. Levant?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and pushed a loose pebble from the coping of the bridge into the water.

"'My thoughts are all I have, but they're my own,'" he quoted. "Will you tell me what you were thinking of, Doris?" he added, in a low voice.

A dash of color came into the pale face.

"They were not worth telling," she said, with a little twinge in her voice. "I—I scarcely know what I was thinking about!"

"Just dreaming, dreaming," said her ladyship.

"Well, you couldn't have come to a more suitable place than sleepy old Pescia, where nothing happens, or has happened, since the Ghibellines and the Florentines used to squabble and fight," said Percy Levant. "By the way, though, something has happened; there has been a new arrival lately. I met a handsome carriage in the Via Grandis, and was told that it belonged to some great English milord, who had come for the benefit of his health."

Lady Despard yawned.

"I do hope it's no one we know, and that we shan't be compelled to call," she said. "Did they tell you his name?"

"No," replied Percy Levant, "for a very good reason: no native of Pescia could possibly pronounce an English name. They make something awful out of Smith, even."

Lady Despard laughed.

"I think I shall go in," she said. "This sun is making me feel drowsy, and as when I dream I fall asleep, it would be awkward tumbling into the water. You need not come, Doris," she added, as Doris made a movement to follow her, and, after a moment's hesitation, Doris remained.

It was very seldom that she was alone with Percy Levant, though they were engaged; and his manner towards her was as full of respect, almost as full, indeed, of reserve, as it had been before the night she had promised to be his wife. Not once had he ventured to kiss her, and when his lips touched her hand, it was with a reverence which was almost that of a subject for a monarch.

And certainly no monarch ever had a more devoted servant. As Lady Despard said, Percy Levant was a model lover, and she decided that his devotion almost made her wish that he had proposed to her instead of Doris.

"I wish he had," Doris had retorted, with a smile was rather too grave to accompany a jest.

They stood now in silence for a moment or two, then he turned his head and looked at her.

"I am glad you stayed, Doris," he said. "I have something to tell you, to show you."

"Yes?" she said, leaning on the bridge, and shading her eyes with her hands, that she might the more easily watch the upward flight of a hawk which had been hovering over the plain.

"It is some news I have had," he said, and he drew a letter from his pocket and held it out to her, but kept his fingers closed on it, as he added, quietly, "Before you read it, let me tell you that I shall accept the offer it contains. Now will you read it, Doris?"

She took it.

"It is from Mr. Churchill," she said; "I know the writing."

He nodded, and she read the letter, and as she read her face grew pale.

"To Australia?" she said, in a low voice; "and you are going?"

"Yes," he said. "And now, the question I am going to ask you, Doris, is—am I to go alone?"

"Are you to go alone?" she repeated, as if she did not understand him; then, reading his meaning in his eyes, she shrank back a little, and her face grew crimson and then white. "You mean that—that ——"

"That you should come with me," he said, in a grave voice.

"But—but—" she glanced at the letter again, "he says that you must start in a fortnight!"

"We could be married in less than that, Doris," he said, gently.

She clasped her hands tightly as they rested on the bridge.

"In a fortnight—in two weeks!" she said, with a little catch in her breath.

"Is the idea so terrible?" he murmured, with a touch of sadness in his voice.

"No—oh, no!" she made haste to answer. "But it is so—so sudden! Two weeks——!"

He watched her anxiously, with a strange and curious watchfulness.

"Yes, it is a short notice, but, you see, it is Hobson's choice with me. Poor men must take what is offered them, and I, as you know, Doris, am very poor, and this—well, it is a wonderful offer!"

"It comes through Mr. Spenser Churchill," she said, as if speaking to herself.

His lips twitched, and he looked quickly at her.

"Yes—why?"

"Nothing—nothing," she murmured, thoughtfully, and with her brows knit; "but—it is so strange!"

"What is strange dear Doris?" he asked.

"Ever since I have known him, Mr. Churchill seems bound up and connected in some way or other with my life!" and she sighed.

He leant forward and averted his face, as she turned her eyes towards him.

"It—it is strange, coincidental," he said, in a dry voice. "But—what is your answer, Doris? Stop! Don't think of me, think of yourself——"

She shook her head.

"I—I will go if you wish me," she said, almost inaudibly.

He took her hand—it was as cold as if she had been bathing it in the river beneath them, and pressed it to his lips.

"Thanks, dearest," he said, and his voice trembled, "you shall never regret your choice—never. I will say no more," and he left her hand fall, and moved away as if he could not trust himself to speak further.

A moment or two after he came close to her, and laid his hand with an almost imploring gesture upon her arm.

"Doris," he said, and his voice rang solmnly, "you think me selfish and exacting, I know——"

"You are always all that is good and kind to me!" she broke in, her lips quivering, her eyes growing moist with tears. "Am I to do nothing—give nothing—in return?"

"Oh, yes, I understand!" he said. "I understand more clearly than you guess, dearest. Try not to think too hardly of me. Some day—before long perhaps—you will know how deeply and truly I love you!" and he turned and left her.

Doris remained standing on the bridge looking at the sleepy river, with a dull pain in her heart, and her eyes half blinded with the rush of emotion that seemed to overwhelm her.

In a fortnight! In two short weeks! Not until this moment had she fully realised what she had done in promising to be Percy Levant's wife; but now——! She leant her head upon her hands, and tried to crush down the rebellious thoughts that rose within her. Tried to wipe out, as it were, the remembrance of Cecil Neville, which haunted and tortured her.

"I love him still!" she moaned. "I love him still, and I am to be another man's wife in a fortnight! Oh, if I were only dead—if I were only lying at rest at the bottom of the river here! In a fortnight! Oh, what have I done, what have I done!" and she wrung her hands wildly.

Then suddenly, with an effort, she fought down the mad remorse and misery, and in a dull despair murmured—

"What does it matter? Why should I not marry him—or anyone else? What can Cecil Neville ever be to me, even if I were free? He will be the husband of Lady Grace; he has forgotten that such a person as Doris Marlowe ever existed; or if he remembers me, recalls me as the girl who served to amuse him for a few days in the country. What a shame it is that I should give a thought to him who has been so base and mean, while this other, to whom I have pledged my word, is all that is good and true! Marry Percy Levant! Yes, I would marry him to-morrow if he asked me!" and setting her teeth hard she turned to leave the bridge.

As she did so, a tall, thin old man, with a white, wasted face, from which a pair of sharp grey eyes gleamed like cold steel, came on the bridge, and she made way for him.

He was leaning on a stick, and as he raised his hat in courtly acknowledgement he let the stick slip from his thin, claw-like hands.

Doris stooped and picked it up, and as she gave it to him and he was thanking her in Italian, his piercing eyes scanned her face with a cold earnestness.

Doris bowed and went on, but some impulse moved her to look back after she had gone a few yards, and she saw him leaning against the bridge, with his hands pressed to his heart, and his face deathly white.

She was at his side in an instant, and had drawn his wasted arm within her firm strong one almost before he knew it.

"I am afraid you are ill," she said.

He started as her sweet musical voice sounded in his ears, and raised his eyes to her face.

"No, no," he said, evidently with an effort. "But I have been ill and—and I am a little weak, which," he added with all the old courtesy, "is my good fortune, seeing that it has procured me the—the happiness of your assistance. You are English. I took you for an Italian. My eyes are not so strong——" he stopped from sheer weakness and leant upon her arm heavily, if the word can be used in connection with the lightness of his frail form—"not so strong as they were. I have the misfortune to be old, you see," and he forced a smile.

"Let me help you to the seat there," said Doris gently.

"Thank you, thank you; but I could not think of troubling a lady——"

Disregarding his apologies, she led him carefully to the seat, into which he sank with a sigh of eary relief. Doris looked at him anxiously. It was a striking face, and a vague kind of idea crossed her mind that she had seen it somewhere before to-day; but she could not fix the time or place, and presently she found the keen, glittering eyes fixed in a meditative scrutiny upon herself.

"You have been very kind to me, my dear young lady," he said in a voice that still trembled a little; "very kind. And you are English? Will you tell me your name? I am an old man, and claim an old man's privilege—inquisitiveness, you see,"

"My name is Doris,—Doris Marlowe," said Doris, seating herself beside him, and looking down the road in the hope that a carriage might come up in which she could place him.

"Doris Marlowe? No," he shook his head; "I never heard it before; and yet I fancied—your face awakened some dim memories. Do you know me, Miss Marlowe?"

Doris looked at him and shook her head.

"No," she replied. She did not like to ask his name.

"Ah, perhaps that is as well," he said with a faintly-cynical smile; "I mean that I am not worth knowing. And are you living here, Miss Marlowe? Your mother must be a very happy woman, having so sweet a daughter," and he dropped his head towards her with the old, graceful salute.

A deep red stained Doris's pale face.

"My mother is dead," she said.

He put up his white hand with a pleading gesture.

"Forgive me, my dear! Your father——"

"I have no father," said Doris, almost inaudibly, and with a strange pang shooting through her heart. "There was one who was father and mother to me, but—he is dead too," and her voice quivered.

"You are young to have seen so much trouble, he said pityingly. "But you are living here with some relative, is it not so?"

Doris shook her head.

"I have not a relative in the world," she replied. "I am living with Lady Despard! I am her companion."

"Lady Despard?" he put his white hand to his head. "Lady Despard? I—I think I know her. And you are living with her. I envy her her companion, my dear. I will do myself the honor of calling upon her. Tell me your name again. I—I forget sometimes. I am very old, older than you think, because you see I am so strong still. You smile?" sharply.

"No, no, I did not smile, indeed!" said Doris quickly. "But I do not think you are strong enough—you have told me that you have been ill, you know—to walk about alone."

He sighed, and shrugged his shoulders with a mirthless smile.

"Alone. I have only a valet, and I hate to have him with me. I had a wife once,"—he stopped, and looked darkly before him—"she left me—she died, I mean of course; and I've no one else. I had a child, a little girl, but she died, too. You see I am like you somewhat, though I have other relations who, doubtless, wish that I would die also," and she smiled cynically.

Doris shrank a little, then, ashamed of the momentary repugnance, said, gently:

"That is not true, I am sure. And now, will you tell me where you live? I will come with you if you will let me. Or will you come with me to Lady Despard's, and have her carriage?"

He snook his head, and straightened himself.

"I have the Villa Vittoria," he said.

Doris knew it. It was the largest and, after Lady Despard's, the handsomest in Pescia.

"Yes, I know it," she said. "It is too far for you to go alone. When you are rested—but there is no hurry, we will stay as long as you like,—I will go with you."

"You are very kind, my dear," he said, looking at her with a gentleness which assuredly was an unfamiliar expression on that cold, naughty face. "Very! I will rest a little longer, if I may."

He sat silent for a short time, and Doris heard him murmuring her name several times, and then he looked up and sighed.

"No, I don't remember, and yet——" he passed his hand over his forehead with a wistful, puzzled look in his keen eyes. "I am ready now, my dear young lady," he said presently. "You see, I accept your kind offer," as he placed his hand upon the arm Doris offered him. "Not so long ago, fair ladies were wont to rest upon my arm: now the order is changed. One gets old suddenly!" he added, with a grim smile. "And I have been ill. I think I told you. Yes, very ill. They thought I was dead; but"—with a gesture of defiance—"my race die hard—die hard! And you have no father or mother? That is sad! Did I tell you I had a little girl once? She died! Yes, she died!" His head drooped for a moment. "If she had lived and stayed with me, I should have had her arm to lean upon. By Heaven, I never thought of that before!" he exclaimed in a suppressed voice, and his head sank lower.

They crossed the bridge in silence, and reached the Via Grandis, where Doris saw a man, whom she took for a servant, hurriedly cross the road and approach them.

"I am afraid you are ill, my lord," he said, touching his hat. "I missed you on leaving the chemist's——"

The old gentleman drew his hand slowly from Doris's arm, and took the servant's.

"This is my man, Miss Marlowe," he said, "and I shall not need to tax your kindness and patience any longer. How deeply grateful I am for that kindess and patience I cannot tell you. But for you ——" He stopped expressively. "Will you tell Lady Despard that I shall have the honor of calling upon her to-morrow, to congratulate her upon having so sweet and beautiful a friend?"

"Yes," replied Doris, allowing her soft, warm hand to remain in his, which seemed to cling to it confidingly. "But you have not told me your name yet?" she added, with a smile.

"Have I not?" he said; "I am the Marquis of Stoyle, my dear."

Doris recoiled, and drew her hand away so suddenly that his thin, feeble one fell abruptly to his side.

"The Marquis of Stoyle!" she echoed, every vestige of color leaving her face. "Yes, I will tell her, my lord," and she turned and walked quickly away.

The marquis looked after her with knitted brows—looked so long that the valet gently pressed his arm as a reminder.

"Yes, yes—I am coming!" exclaimed the old man, impatiently. Then he said, "Do I know that young lady? You saw her—do I know her? She has been very kind to me—very!"

"No, my lord, she is a stranger to me," replied the man.

"A stranger. Yes, yes. And yet——"

And, with knitted brows and troubled look in his eyes, he permitted his man to lead him away.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

So the illustrious visitor turns out to be the great Marquis of Stoyle!" exclaimed Lady Despard, with a laugh of surprise. "The Marquis of Stoyle! And you have been leading him about like a blind beggar! How I wish I had been there to see you! But it seems to have upset you, dear," she added; "you look really pale now, and—why, you haven't been crying?" and she drew Doris beside her on to the lounge.

"No, I haven't been crying," said Doris quietly; then, after a pause, she said gravely, "I have promised to marry Percy Levant in a fortnight's time, Lady Despard."

Her ladyship started.

"In a—what time did you say? A fortnight! Oh, nonsense! No wonder you look pale! I think it is a shame you should try to impose upon my credulity, Doris; for, of course, it is only a joke!"

"It is sober earnest, dear Lady Despard," said Doris; and then she told her of the letter of Spenser Churchill containing the offer of an engagement for Percy Levant.

"And you intend to marry him and go with him! What on earth shall I do without you? What shall I do? What a wicked girl you must be to entice me into loving you so, and then to leave me! Why, I didn't expect this dreadful marriage to take place for at least two years, and now—! Two weeks! You must love him very dearly, Doris."

"I respect him very highly," said Doris. "He is not like some men—" she sighed—"he is true and steadfast, and he—he really cares for me, I think," in a low voice. "Why should I not make him happy if I can?"

"Really cares for you! Yes, I should think he does; why, child, he worships every inch of ground those little feet of yours tread on. And so he might, considering the many others who would be only too happy to take his place. Well, I don't know. But it seems to me, dear, that you are one of those women who consider that they were only born to make other people happy. I only hope that you will make yourself happy."

"Oh, yes; I shall be as happy as I deserve," said Doris with a faint smile.

"And you have quite made up your mind?" demanded Lady Despard.

"Quite," said Doris.

"Then the only thing to be done is to grin and bear it, for I know the stiff-necked, resolute kind of young person you are. Oh, there is one other thing we must do: we can set about getting your things ready,"

"I shall not want many," said Doris; "we are both very poor, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Lady Despard dryly. "All the same, I suppose you will go decently clad."

'And the wedding is to be very quiet," said Doris, pushing back the hair from her forehead with a weary little gesture; "quite quiet. I don't want any bridesmaids——"

Lady Despard shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, very well; have it all your own way. You shall be married at midnight, and in darkest secrecy, if you like. And in a fortnight! Great heavens! Why, it scarcely gives one time to make a couple of dresses."

"Which are all I shall require," said Doris, with a smile. "Dear Lady Despard, you forgot that it is not your sister who is going to be married, but only your companion."

Lady Despard moved away with a despairing gesture.

"I only wish you were my sister. I would show you if you should make ducks and drakes of your future in this way."

"Don't let us talk about it any longer," said Doris rising, and stretching out her arms as if she were ridding herself of some incubus.

"No, the better thing to do is to act, and not talk. Put on your hat, and let us go down to the shops and see if there is anything decent we can buy. A fortnight! I rather liked Percy Levant on the whole, but now I feel as if I hated him. I wish to Heaven Spenser Churchill had not sent him with us!"

Apparently the Pescia drapers had something decent on sale, for her ladyship made purchases so extensive as to alarm Doris, who, when she remonstrated, was told to mind her own business; and the next two or three days were occupied in consultation with dressmakers and milliners; and Lady Despard had quite forgotten the Marquis of Stoyle and his promised visit.

But Doris had not. And often as she sat, surrounded by "materials" and bonnet shapes, she thought of the strange meeting with the man who had stepped in between her and Lord Cecil, and robbed her of her lover.

How surprised he would have been if she had said—

"Yes, I know you, my lord. You are the man who has wrecked my whole life, and broken my heart!"

And yet that was what he had done; for in losing Cecil Neville she had lost all that makes life worth living.

Was there a single night in which, in feverish dreams, she did not hear his voice, and feel his passionate kisses on her lips? Was there a single morning on which she did not wake with that dull aching of the heart which some of us know so well! And she was to marry another man in a fortnight!

During these two days Percy Levant was absent. He, too, had to make some preparations for the approaching wedding, and strange to say, Doris missed him. He had been so like her shadow for months past, always near her and ready, and promptly ready, to forestall her lightest wish, that his absence made itself felt.

On the third day Lady Despard and she were sitting in the former's boudoir, literally up to their knees in millinery, when a footman brought in a card.

"Can't see anyone this afternoon," said Lady Despard. "Unless they understand and can undertake plain sewing. Who is it, dear?"

Doris took the card.

"The Marquis of Stoyle," she answered falteringly.

Lady Despard rose in her usual languid style.

"The marquis! Oh, I think we must see him, dear. He has come to pour out his gratitude——"

"It isn't the marquis, my lady, but his valet," said the footman.

Lady Despard sank back into the midst of the whirlpool of muslin.

"Oh, well, show him in."

"Here, my lady?"

"Yes; I'm too busy to go to anyone short of a marquis."

The valet, a grave, distinguished-looking man, who might well have been taken for a marquis, or for that matter, a duke, entered a moment or two afterwards, and bowed.

"His lordship's compliments, my lady, and he would be glad to know how Miss Doris Marlowe is."

Lady Despard jerked her thumb lightly towards Doris.

"That is Miss Marlowe."

The valet bowed respectfully—very respectfully—to Doris.

"His lordship is very ill, miss; or he would have done himself the honor to wait upon you to thank you for your great kindness to him," he said.

Doris's pale face flushed for an instant.

"I am sorry," she said, bending over her work; "but I did very little, as the marquis knows."

"He is very ill, miss—that is, he is very weak, and—" he hesitated, "and he requested me to say that he should deem it a very great favor indeed if you would come and see him. He wished me to say that, if he could have crawled—crawled was his word, my lady,"—turning to Lady Despard, "he would have come himself. But he is quite confined to his room, and perfectly unable to leave it. The marquis is an old man, you see, my lady, and has been ill, very ill."

Lady Despard looked at Doris and seemed to wait her reply; and the valet crossed his hands and also seemed to wait, respectfully and patiently.

Doris's white brow wrinkled painfully, and she laid a tremulous hand upon Lady Despard's arm.

"I—I don't know," she said in a troubled voice.

"His lordship has spoken of you several times, miss," said the valet in an earnest tone; "indeed he has talked of little else since he came home. He is very old, you see——"

Doris's gentle heart melted at the repetition of this simple formula.

"What shall I do?" she whispered to Lady Despard.

Her ladyship shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose you had better go. Of course you will go. Why, you know you couldn't resist an appeal of this kind!"

Doris looked before her with wistful, troubled eyes, for a moment or two, then she laid down the work she was engaged on.

"I will come with you," she said.

When she re-entered the room with her hat and jacket on, she looked round, and taking some flowers from one of the vases quickly re-arranged them, and then said—

"I am ready."

"I will get a carriage, my lady——" said the valet; but Doris shook her head.

"It is no distance; I would rather walk."

Lady Despard waved her hand to her with a smile made up of affection and amusement.

"Another conquest, my dear," she said. "It's a pity Percy Levant isn't a curate, you would have made such an admirable district visitor."

On their way through the quiet streets the valet, answering Doris's questions, gave her some information respecting the marquis's condition.

"It was the excitement of the grand party, you see, miss," he said. "The party given in Lady Grace's honor, the young lady who is to marry my Lord Cecil, that did it. His lordship isn't used to excitement, and it was quite against Lord Cecil's wish that the party was given, but the marquis was so delighted at the engagement that he would insist—I'm afraid I'm walking too fast for you, miss," he broke off as he glanced at Doris's face, which had grown pale and wan.

"No, no," she said quickly. "It—it is rather warm. Lady Grace is very beautiful, is she not? Yes, I know she is beautiful."

"Oh, yes, miss; her ladyship is one of the acknowledged London beauties, as I daresay you are aware."

"Yes," said Doris, raising her nosegay to her face to hide the quiver of the lips. "And—and Lord Cecil"—how little the man guessed the effort it cost her to speak the name!—"he is very much attached——" she stopped, remembering that it was rather indiscreet to discuss his master's affairs with this man.

"Attached to her ladyship, miss?" he said, with perfect respect. "Yes, oh, yes; how could he be otherwise?" He seemed to hesitate a moment, then he said, rather reflectively, "Lord Cecil has rather changed of late."

"Rather changed?" said Doris faintly.

"Well, yes, miss. He used to be rather wild, and certainly always in the best of humors, what would be described as light-hearted. I used to say that it made one laugh oneself to hear his laugh, so free and blithesome it was, so to speak. But he's got quieter of late, and we hear him laugh scarcely at all now. But perhaps you know his lordship, miss?"

A scarlet wave of color rose and passed over Doris's face, and she shook her head silently.

"Ah, well, miss, you wouldn't have known him for the same person. Perhaps it's the responsibility of this engagement and the marquis's illness."

"He—he is not here?—here at Pescia?" she asked, stopping short suddenly with a look of alarm.

"Oh, no, miss; or of course he would have brought the marquis's message instead of me. Oh, no; it was the marquis's wish that he should come on the continent quite alone, and Lord Cecil remained, very reluctantly, in England. Of course, I should take upon myself to send for him if the marquis got seriously worse. This is the house—villa, as they call it," and he conducted Doris into the miniature palace which his agents had succeeded in renting for the marquis.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He Couldn't do It.—"Elijah, dear, will you dress Willie this morning? I'm in such a hurry, and it won't take you but a minute or two."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bixby cheerfully. "I'd just as soon dress the little chap as not. Here my little man, come and let papa dress you. I'll have you as neat as a pin in a jiffy."

Willie, age four, comes reluctantly from his play-things, and Bixby begins:

"Now, let's off with your nightgown and—keep still, dear, or I can't unbutton it. There now, well—sit still, child. What makes you squirm around like an eel? Where's your little shirty? Ah, here it is, and—sit still! Put up your arm—no, the other one and—can't you keep still half a second? Put up the other arm and stop hauling and pulling so! Now, let's—come here, boy! What do you mean by racing off like that with nothing on but your shirt? Now you come here and let me put the rest of your duds on. Stand—stand still, I say! Put your leg in here! Not that leg! There you go squirming around like an angle-worm. Now, if you don't keep still, young man, I'll—stop pulling at that chain, and—here, Mary Ellen, you'll have to dress this wriggling animal yourself. I couldn't do it in ten years. Go to your mother, sir!"

Bric-a-Brac.

Duration of Life.—In answer to the question why the duration of life should be one hundred years in man and something else in other animals, a law has been enunciated by Buffon, Flourens, and others, that "the duration of life is five times the duration of growth." This gives for the duration of life in man one hundred years, in the horse twenty-five, the ox twenty, the dog ten.

In Madagascar.—When the Governor of a province in Madagascar wishes to issue a proclamation, "he sends out," it is said, "messengers to all the villages under his control, bidding the principal men from each to assemble at an appointed time; this gathering is called a kabary. When all those summoned are present, the governor or his deputy reads aloud the proclamation, which then becomes law, the representative of each village being responsible for its publicity. Sometimes justice is administered at a kabary of this kind, when the governor pronounces sentence, after hearing the evidence on both sides."

Women in Corea.—The seclusion of women in Corea is carried to the utmost limit. Ladies out of doors wear a green mantle which covers the whole countenance except the eyes. Nor do they willingly let even their eyes be seen. "It seems odd," says the author of "Life in Corea," "that each women we met should have arrived at that moment at her home; but, as we learned latter on, women have a right of entree everywhere, and to avoid us they turn into the nearest house at hand." Other travellers recount that the women are taught to shun the opposite sex from their earliest girlhood.

Glass.—Throughout the Middle Ages, the greatest and most celebrated manufactory of glass was that of Venice, and the island of Murano, adjoining that city, is probably the oldest glass-house still in operation in the whole world. It was here that the art became at the same time beautiful and comparatively inexpensive. During the first centuries, drinking vessels and mirrors were made there only. Later they successfully imitated in these things by the Bohemians, and in the reign of Louis IX. the manufacture was extended to France. A law was passed by that monarch, by which the erection of a glass-house, or even employment in one was forbidden to any but the sons of noblemen and gentlemen, and even in England, till a late time, the workmen thus engaged styled themselves "gentlemen glass-blowers."

Father and Child.—Among the Jews of Northern Europe and in parts of Russia, a father is not allowed to be present at the interment of the first child he is unfortunate enough to lose. It is believed he will lose a second if he does; though this will not in itself suffice to explain the existence of so strange a custom. The Polish Jews are, however, peculiar in more than this. It is the universal belief of orthodox Hebrews that the resurrection of the dead will take place in the Holy Land, and therefore all bodies will have to make their way underground to Palestine before the Day of Judgment. So, to facilitate this task the "Chassidim," or ultra-pious of Russia and Poland, put a fork in the hands of the deceased when he is placed in the ground, in order that he may dig his way through the ground with it and thus reach the Holy Land, where the resurrection takes place.

How the World Grew.—The Chinese say the world was first covered with water. Then the waters subsided; small herbs grew, and in the lapse of cycles developed into shrubs and trees. As the body of man, unwashed for years, breeds vermin, so the mountains, unlaved by the seas, bred worms and insects, greater creatures developing out of lesser. Beetles in the course of ages became tortoises, earthworms became serpents, high-flying insects became birds, some of the turtle-doves became pheasants, egrets became cranes, and wild cats became tigers. The praying mantis was by degrees transformed into an ape, and some of the apes became hairless. A hairless ape made a fire by striking crystal upon a rock, and, with the spark struck out, igniting the dry grass. With the fire they cooked food, and by eating warm victuals they grew large, strong, and knowing, were changed into men.

City Man (in the country)—Why do you have barbed wire fences? Are they not very expensive? Farmer—yes, that's so. But the hired man don't sit down to smoke a pipeful of 'bacco every time he climbs over one.

Wisdom, though serious, is never sullen.

AT TWILIGHT.

BY S. G. JOHNS.

The very air breathes peace. The light
Dying on rosy, far hill-tops,
Peers through the silent, dark fir-copse,
And fades into the gray of night;
Then, opening 'mid the solemn strife
Of day with dark, the spirit's eye
Recalls the loving memory
Of some whom Death hath crowned with life.

Swift wakens all the shadowy past—
Forgotten words, and joys, and tears;
The buried hopes of bygone years,
The dreams that were too bright to last—
Come back—by new, diviner birth,
Each with a radiance of its own,
From that far land unseen, unknown,
Beyond the shadows of this earth;
Where, having drawn a nobler breath
Of life and love than earth can give,
Man, by the mystery of Death,
At last triumphant learns to Live.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT THE WATER-JUMP a great shout arose; for Topthorn, who had begun to show signs of distress, did not rise sufficiently at the hurdles, and came floundering through them and fell into the middle of the ditch; whilst Decision sailed over easily without an effort.

Topthorn picked himself up again cleverly, and his jockey made a gallant fight for it at the last; but it was too late now to retrieve his position; and Decision won by a length and a half in glorious style, amidst the frantic yells of delight and the wild excitement of his numerous backers.

Lucille was so excited that she shouted with the rest; and Mr. Danman, who had a not unreasonable idea that she must be engaged to be married to Laurie, came running up, and, somewhat to her embarrassment, offered her his hearty congratulations.

Just as he was doing so, Lucille received a shock as she caught once more the eyes of the kill-joy of her day's pleasure—Colonel Hepburn, who was standing below looking up curiously and, as she fancied disapprovingly at her. He clambered up the side of the coach and suddenly addressed her.

"I have to return to town, Miss Maitland. Can I be of any use in escorting you back?"

Somehow he had evidently learnt that she had come down from London by train.

"Thank you; I must wait for—for my friends," she answered stammeringly. "I won't trouble you, thanks, Colonel Hepburn."

"Where are your friends, Miss Maitland?" he asked, as he looked round. "Can I find them for you? There is not much time to catch the train, and there is not another till twelve o'clock at night. You ought to be getting off."

"I am really much obliged for the trouble you seem to be taking about me," answered Lucille stiffly and coldly. "My friends are quite certain to take good care of me. Pray do not disturb yourself on my account."

Colonel Hepburn felt himself snubbed. He raised his hat politely and walked away quickly; but, after he was gone, it was a very long time before Laurie came to fetch her.

Everybody was hurrying away. Horses were being put to in the many vehicles around, and carriages were driving off rapidly; the ring was a desert and the grand stand completely empty.

The horses of the coach were already being put to the traces; and Lucille began to feel very uncomfortable indeed in her post of honor.

Already the Major of the regiment had politely asked her if he could be of any service to her in driving her to the station; and one youngster suggested laughingly, and not altogether respectfully, that she should come back to the barracks on the coach and dine at the mess.

Just as things were getting very awkward indeed, Laurie came hurrying across the course with a hundred excuses and apologies.

He had a great many things to see to, and had been receiving the congratulations of his friends upon his victory. He looked flushed and excited.

"We must look sharp," he cried—"we haven't a moment to lose! The fly is waiting—come along!"

He hurried her down from the drag, cut short the adieux of the young gentleman with whom she had been flirting, and they both ran as fast as they could to the vehicle which was waiting to take them to the station.

"Can you do it?" asked Laurie of the cabman.

"I'll try, sir."

"A sovereign for you if you catch it!" exclaimed Laurie.

Urged by this bribe, the man put his horse into a canter; but the animal was none of the best, and had been driven backwards and forwards to the station so often that day that he was pretty well used up already.

Lucille grew very pale.

"Laurie, is it true that if we miss this train there is not another till twelve o'clock to-night?"

"I am afraid not."

"But what as we to do, then, if we miss this one?"

"Sit in the waiting-room till midnight, I suppose."

"Great heavens, it will be the ruin of me!" she cried distractedly.

He turned round sternly upon her. There were anger and scorn in his eyes. Laurie had never look at her like that before.

"I warned you not to come—it is your own fault! You insisted upon having your own way, and now you will have to abide by the consequences!"

At that moment they turned into the station yard, and, as they did so, they could just see through the darkness the lights of the carriages; while they heard the snort of the engine as the up-train steamed away London-wards out of the station.

"Too late, sir! We have missed the train!" said the cabman.

* * * * * *

Whilst Sir Adrian Deverell was sitting in the drawing-room at Green Street waiting for Lucille to return, he made use of the idle moments to inform Lady Elwyn of what he had learnt from Mrs. Hyam concerning Lord Elwyn's last hours.

He told her gravely and emphatically that she had maligned and traduced an innocent girl, and that it was Lucille, and not Kathleen, who had done the mischief and given to her uncle the shock which had been her death-blow, whilst she had subsequently meanly and closely hidden her own share in the tragedy of the evening in order to cast the blame of it all upon Kathleen.

"How she could have done so foul a deed and found it in her heart to blacken Kathleen to her own father to such an extent as to prove fatal to his life fills me with as much amazement as horror! Can you wonder, Lady Elwyn, after what I have heard to-day, that I should have come to a very serious conclusion concerning your niece?"

Lady Elwyn looked distressed and miserable. She could find nothing to answer; but she tried to make excuses for her favorite as best she could, pleaded her youth and her ignorance of what she was doing, and muttered something angrily concerning the incubus which Kathleen Elwyn had been to them both.

"You must forgive her, Adrian!" she said, seeing how gloomy and stern he looked. "She really loves you; and, when she is your wife, half her faults will disappear. It would break her heart if anything happened to prevent her marriage to you. You do not, I trust, indeed——" She paused apprehensively, looking at him anxiously.

"I intended to marry Lucille if she still wishes it," he replied gravely.

Lady Elwyn breathed again; she knew as well as Lucille did what a fine place Deverell Hall was, and what a handsome rent-roll his estates brought in to him.

"I will marry her," continued the Baronet sternly, "upon conditions which I will reveal to her, if you and she will sign a paper which I will draw up exonerating Kathleen Elwyn from all blame concerning her father's death."

Lady Elwyn laughed nervously.

"Oh, dear me—yes," she cried lightly—"we will sign anything you like, of course! No doubt we made a mistake; and you know dear Lucille has been very ill since—and no wonder if her memory has not proved quite trustworthy. You must take all that into consideration and forgive her, Adrian!"

"Very well," he said, with a sigh; "if she will make full reparation to Kathleen, I will entirely forgive her;" and he covered his brow with his hand with a gesture of weariness. No one save himself know how terrible a thing that complete and perfect forgiveness meant to him.

"At any rate," continued his companion, "Lucille's heart cannot be very bad, or she would not have devoted the whole of this very day to the society of the girl whom you say she has traduced and slandered."

Adrian looked up quickly.

"By-the-way, what made her go? It strikes me as a very extraordinary proceeding!"

"Not at all. Kathleen wrote to her and asked her to go. The lady who lives with her was to be away all day, I believe."

"Indeed!" He was silent for a few moments, thinking deeply.

"No doubt Kathleen has kept her to dine—indeed she must have done so, or she would have been back by now. Will you stay and dine with me, Adrian, and wait till her return?"

He stood up and held out his hand.

"No, thank you, Lady Elwyn. I will dine at my club. I will wish you good night now."

A sudden suspicion and a sudden resolve had come simultaneously into his mind—a suspicion of foul play and a resolve to find out the truth for himself at all risks. He did not take Lady Elwyn into his confidence; but, when he got outside her door, he hailed a passing hansom and jumped into it.

"Drive to Claymore Gardens as quickly as possible!" he said to the cabman; and the hansom started off at a rattling pace down the street.

Kathleen and Mary had nearly finished their simple little dinner together, when they were startled by the loud ringing of the door-bell.

"Who can it be?" cried Mary; and Kathleen answered laughingly—

"It must be the devoted one!"

That being the playful name she had given to Mr. Blakely, the young doctor, whose attentions to her friend had now become too marked to admit of misconstruction.

"Nonsense!" cried Mary blushing very deeply.

Then a man's voice was heard heard outside in the little hall, and in another moment Sir Adrian Deverell entered the dining-room.

He cast a rapid searching glance round the room, and saw in a moment that Kathleen and Mary were alone.

"Forgive me," he said to Kathleen, as he took her proffered hand and met her glance of slight surprise and confusion—"forgive me for intruding upon you at this hour! I came to ask for Lucille. She has left you, I presume? I must have missed her."

"Lucille?" repeated Kathleen, in amazement. "I have not seen Lucille! What makes you imagine that she is here, Sir Adrian?"

Deverell's brow now became black and gloomy.

"Has she not been spending the day with you, then?" he inquired.

"Certainly not!"

"But surely you wrote to her yesterday and invited her to come and see you to-day—you told her that Miss Hale would be away, and requested her to come and spend the day with you?"

"Sir Adrian you must be dreaming! I have neither heard from nor written to Miss Maitland since I left Clortell Towers! Who could have possibly told you such a thing?"

"Lady Elwyn told me so. I have just left her house. She is now expecting her niece to return to dinner; that is why I came here, intending to escort her back."

"I have not seen her," replied Kathleen faintly.

Something seemed to tell her that she was on the verge of some great crisis of her life. Adrian's face was pale, his lips were set, and lines of care were upon his brow. Did he suspect that some evil had befallen his betrothed? Her imagination ran rapidly over all the horrible accidents which might have befallen Lucille, and, in spite of her utmost efforts, she trembled violently.

"Has Lady Elwyn not seen her all day?" she asked anxiously.

"No; she left the house early, before her aunt left her room; she had told her she was coming here."

"Perhaps she intended to come, and perhaps she met with some terrible accident on the way!"

Adrian smiled bitterly and shook his head.

"I do not think so," he answered drily. "But I will not detain you and Miss Hale any longer." He pressed her hand, declined the glass of wine she had filled and pushed towards him, and wished them both "Good-night."

"You will let me know if she is all right?" said Kathleen, as she followed him into the hall; and then, unwilling as ever to utter a single word against one who had deserved ill of her, she added hurriedly, "I am sure you will find that Lucille is all right. Lady Elwyn must have misunderstood her; it was probably with some other friend that she went to spend the day. You will find her on your return. Pray do not be hard on her or judge her hastily!"

"God bless you, Kathleen!" he answered a little unsteadily. "I think you are the best and sweetest little woman in the world!"

And then he raised her hand swiftly and pressed his lips reverently upon her slender fingers.

In another moment he was gone, and Kathleen stood alone in the hall, a glow of happiness upon her face and a mist of tears in her eyes.

"I love him better than all the world!" she said to herself. "I would give up my life for him—die gladly to make him happy—and yet I can never be anything to him!"

With a great effort she dashed away her tears and stilled the fierce beating of her heart.

When she rejoined Mary in the next room, she was her own sweet calm self again—the Kathleen of these latter days whom Mary knew and loved—the Kathleen who had lost a good deal of the fresh spring of early girlhood, who was no longer the bright hopeful maiden of the Brussels school-days, but a sad-eyed woman who knew what sorrow was, whose heart had ceased to hope aught for herself, but who for others was always tender and compassionate, and who in her gentle womanliness was infinitely attractive and lovable.

CHAPTER XXX.

SIR ADRIAN DEVERELL went down to his club in Pall Mall, and beginning to feel desperately hungry, he walked into the dining-room, sat down at the first empty table he came to, and ordered the waiter to bring him something to eat immediately.

"Hallo, Deverell!" said a friendly voice behind him. "I heard you were in Scotland!"

He turned round, and found his old friend Colonel Hepburn seated at the table behind him.

"Who told you that?" he cried in answer as he shook hands warmly with him. "Somebody who knows more about my affairs than I know myself, seeing that I am here."

"Well, it was somebody who ought to have known your affairs better than anybody else in the world, my dear fellow!" cried Colonel Hepburn laughingly.

"Indeed! And pray who on earth may that be?"

"Why, no less a person than your beautiful fiancee herself—Miss Maitland!"

The waiter had just put his soup down in front of him; but, hungry as he was, Deverell dropped his spoon and turned round hastily towards his friend upon hearing these words.

"For the love of Heaven," he cried with agitation, "tell me where you saw Miss Maitland last, Hepburn!"

The Colonel was considerably startled by the solemnity of this appeal; but, perceiving at once that something serious was involved in the question, he answered immediately, with becoming gravity of manner—

"I saw her to-day. She was perfectly well. It is not many hours since I stood very near her."

"Where?" almost grasped Adrian, laying his hand upon his friend's arm.

"At Uxerton Steeplechases. Is anything wrong, old man?"

Adrian controlled himself with difficulty.

"Whom was she with?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Miss Maitland told me she was with friends. At first I imagined she must be staying in the neighborhood; but afterwards a man told me he had seen her at Euston Station in the morning; so I presume she went down by train. When I spoke to her, she was sitting on the box-seat of the —th Dragoons' coach—I had been staying with the —th—the Major is an old friend of mine; but I had to come up to town to night. Miss Maitland seemed very well and happy; but she was naturally much surrounded—all the fellows were talking to her at once; so I had only a chance of a word with her, and that was when she told me you had gone to Scotland. When the races were over, I went back to the coach and offered my services to help to find her friends for her; but she said they were certain to come for her and declined my assistance; so, as I had not much time to spare to catch the train, I hurried away. And that is all I can tell

you about her, Deverell. For Heaven's sake, man, don't look so strangely at me! Is anything wrong? Did you not know she was at Uxerton Races?"

"No, Hepburn, I did not know it; I did not know where she was. Her aunt Lady Elwyn does not know; she imagined she was spending the day with friends in town. The fact is, Hepburn, Miss Maitland has not come back yet!"

"Ah, then she did miss the last train," cried the Colonel. "I told her she would if she did not look sharp! It can't be her fault, you know, Deverell. Her friends must have waited too long; it was their fault. There is not another train from Uxerton till midnight. It is a slow train, I fear. She will lose her dinner, and catch cold perhaps—that will be the worst of it. Don't distress yourself, my dear fellow—she will be all right."

Adrian swallowed his soup hastily, and sent the waiter for a *Bradshaw*.

"I must go and meet that train at Euston, Hepburn. Why, it does not get up to town till 2.44! It must stop at every station!"

"Yes—a horrid journey for her, poor girl!" remarked Colonel Hepburn compassionately. "I hope she had a warm wrap with her."

Deverell ate some more of his dinner before he trusted himself to speak again. Then suddenly he turned round to his friend once more.

"Hepburn, you are an old friend of mine, and I must make a clean breast of this business to you," he began gravely. "The fact is, I am quite in the dark as to who Miss Maitland can have gone with to those races to-day; and it is absolutely essential to me to find out. Can you not remember anybody who seemed to be with her—any lady with whom she was?"

Colonel Hepburn shook his head thoughtfully.

"No; I don't remember anybody but the fellows of the —th about her. But she had been sitting in the stand at first, I fancy. No doubt the rest of her party were there."

Adrian seemed to be plunged in thought for some moments; then suddenly he asked another question.

"Forgive me for harping upon this subject, old chap; but can you tell me whether a man called Doyle was at Uxerton to day—Laurence Doyle?"

"Certainly he was there."

"Ah!"

"I spoke to him in the paddock early in the day; and—yes, by-the-way, that horse that won the last race—Decision—belongs to him."

"Ah, then it is all as clear as daylight to me now!" answered Deverell, with conviction. "I must tell you everything, Hepburn. This Laurence Doyle is a man whom I most particularly object to. I have requested Miss Maitland to drop his acquaintance, and she promised me to do so. It is evident that, believing me to have gone to Scotland and to be safely out of the way, she has taken the opportunity of going away with the man to these races."

"Oh, I do not suppose she can have been alone with him!" remarked Colonel Hepburn deprecatingly.

"That is what I mean to discover by going to meet the train at Euston," said Adrian firmly; "for, as sure as my name is Deverell, if she has gone alone with him, he may have her and welcome for the remainder of his days! I swear that I will never put a woman who has compromised her name by spending a whole day and half the night with Mr. Laurence Doyle into the place once occupied by my pure-minded and saint-like mother!"

"Well, Adrian, I trust things may not be so bad at that. But anyhow you shall not go alone; I will accompany you to meet the train, and stand by you whatever happens."

"Thanks, old fellow! You are a true friend!"—and Adrian grasped the Colonel's hand warmly.

"There will be words and perhaps blows between these two men," the Colonel said to himself, "and it is just as well that a sober-minded third party with his temper under good control, should be present to see that no public scandal arises out of their meeting."

And then they went up-stairs to while away the hours with tobacco and billiards until it should be time to start for the Euston terminus.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENVY.—The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow creatures are odious; youth, beauty, valor, and wisdom, are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this!—to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world where all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage.

BIRD SUPERSTITIONS.

THERE IS A WIDELY spread belief amongst school-boys in many parts of the country that it is unlucky to kill a robin, and it is generally supposed that a broken limb would be the probable punishment for so doing.

Even the nest of this bird is comparatively safe, though why it should be thus favored is not quite clear, unless, as has been suggested by some writers, it owes its popularity to the story of the "Babes in the Wood," which ballad, perhaps, may also have given rise to the popular notion that the robin will cover with leaves or moss any dead person whom it may chance to find.

There certainly, however, seems to be no substantial reason why he should be more favored than the other members of the feathered tribe, for, after all, he is a very pugnacious and impudent little fellow; but perhaps these are the qualities which have brought him into notice and made him popular.

We are informed in an old rhyme that

The Robin and the Wren
Are God's Cock and Hen;

nevertheless, the smaller bird does not enjoy the public protection which is afforded to the redbreast, and at one time it was considered the correct thing to hunt the wren on St. Stephen's Day.

When one was caught, several curious and interesting ceremonies were gone through. The bird was generally carried triumphantly round the town on a pole, and in some cases was afterwards buried in the churchyard.

In the Isle of Man, a feather taken from a wren killed on one of these occasions was considered a most efficacious protection against shipwreck for a period of twelve months; and formerly Manx fishermen would seldom think of putting to sea without one.

Except in a few localities, the practice of wren-hunting has now, no doubt, fallen into disuse; and at the present day it is kept up as a rule only by boys, who retain the custom for their own amusement.

It is recorded by Aubrey that during a rebellion in Ireland a party of soldiers who had incautiously fallen asleep would doubtless have been surprised by their enemies had they not been awakened by some wrens pecking on the drums as the enemy approached.

On this account the wren was said to have gained the mortal hatred of certain classes in Ireland, who killed the little bird whenever they got the chance.

Another reason which has been assigned for hunting the wren is that its destruction was ordered by the early Christian missionaries because the bird was held in the highest veneration by the Druids.

In connection with the wren there is also a curious old Manx legend, according to which there once dwelt in the Isle of Man a very beautiful fairy, whose voice was so irresistibly fascinating that numbers of men were frequently enticed by her into the sea, where they were drowned.

Had this state of affairs continued unchecked, it is highly probable that, sooner or later, the Manx ladies would have experienced considerable difficulty in procuring husbands, for the siren seemed bent upon exterminating all the adult males in the island; but fortunately there at length came forward a knight-errant on whom her charms had no effect.

For the safety of his fellow-men, he determined to destroy her, and endeavored to do so; but at a critical moment she effected her escape by assuming the form of a wren.

A spell, however was cast upon her, compelling her to reappear in the same form once a year; and thus on the fatal day the wrens are hunted in the hope that one of those killed may be the wicked fairy herself, for it is her doom to die ultimately by the hand of man.

Several birds are ominous of evil, and the superstitions connected with them date from very remote ages.

Thus, crows are considered unlucky if seen on the left of the observer; and when one of them flies over a house, at the same time croaking thrice, it is held to prognosticate the death of one of the inmates.

It is also commonly supposed that death is foreboded by the appearance of ravens or the screeching of owls.

Even the pigeon sometimes becomes a bird of ill omen, for when a white one settles upon a chimney it is supposed that a death will shortly take place in the house beneath it.

Grose tells us that it is unlucky to see one magpie and afterwards several others; but, on the other hand, if two magpies are seen it is a sign of an approaching wedding; three, of a prosperous journey; and four, that some good news will be received.

Another authority states that a wedding is presaged by three magpies, and a death by four; and according to an old Scotch rhyme quoted by Dr. Brewer:

One's sorrow, two's mirth,
Three's a wedding, four's a birth,
Five's a christening, six a dearth, &c.

That it is unlucky to have peacocks' feathers in a house is firmly believed by many people, this piece of superstition most probably having its origin in the story of Argus, who was changed into a peacock, his hundred eyes—or in other words spies—becoming at the same time the eye-spots on the tail-feathers of that bird.

It is only natural that our domestic poultry, during their long association with man, should have given rise to many superstitious beliefs and customs.

Thus, from the days of the ancients, cockerels have been used as auguries, and much importance has also been attached to the behavior of fowls generally.

The crowing of a hen is considered unlucky, and in some localities is looked upon as a foreboding of death.

Moreover, the hen that is able to sing like her spouse does not appear to gain a very enviable reputation by the accomplishment, for a well-known adage asserts that

A whistling maid and a crowing hen
Are good for neither God nor men.

The cock, however, can crow to his heart's content so long as he does it at reasonable times and the people living around do not object to the noise.

In fact, it is as well, perhaps, that he should crow, for it is an acknowledged fact that by his voice all respectable ghosts are regulated, and that at the first sound of "cock-a-doodle-doo" they must cease wandering amongst the living and hasten back to Hades.

It is said that in Persia the crowing of a cock is accounted lucky or otherwise according to the time at which it is heard, and should any misguided fowl so far forget himself as to crow at an unlucky hour, he is forthwith killed for his pains—a custom, it is to be hoped, which has its proper moral effect on the Persian poultry.

Fortunately for the present generation, the cocks of a modern farmyard are not in the habit of laying eggs.

In olden times, however, they do not appear to have been so considerate, and the medieval poultry-keepers suffered much anxiety in consequence, for they held it to be a well-authenticated fact that a cock's egg hatched by a viper would produce a cockatrice, which was a monster, half reptile, half bird, so venomous that it could kill a man by merely looking at him.

Let us hope, therefore, that the hens will continue as at present to monopolise the laying of eggs, even though some of the latter which find their way to our breakfast tables may perchance be slightly addled; for the cockatrice is by no means a desirable creature to have in our midst, and now that it appears to have become extinct few will regret its loss.

HABITS WORTH BREAKING.—"Just look at that girl!"

"Yes; it is Miss Blank. What about her?"

"Don't you see her tongue?"

"Oh! yes. Isn't it perfectly dreadful? They say she always sticks it out like that when she's thinking about anything."

The woman in question was promenading early one morning recently, attired in a bewitching costume, and with a pensive expression, while the tip of her little tongue protruded between two lips of the description known to novelists as coral.

"Yes," said one of her feminine acquaintances, "she always does that when thoughtful or worried. It's one of those terrible habits which, when once contracted, stick closer than a million brothers. Miss Blank began it when a child, and no one ever took the trouble to break her of it. Now, poor girl, it mortifies her terribly to be told about it, though, of course, she is anxious to cure herself. But then nearly every one has some curious little habit which he would be very glad to break if he could: some trick more or less unpleasant, caused in the first place probably by nervousness.

"We all know the man who tugs at his moustache and the one who is perpetually pulling up his collar. Then there is the girl who is always rubbing one eye as if in search of a stray eyelash, and the man who can't be quite happy without some more or less fragile article to twist and bend and turn about in his fingers. Anything and everything, from your finest lace handkerchief to your new and extremely delicate paper cutter, is sacrificed to the demon of nervousness which possesses him, and yet you can't find it in your heart to rob him of his plaything. He is quite happy and at his ease so long as he is allowed to twist and twirl as much as he wants to, but, bereft of the temporary object of his affection, he would be abjectly miserable, and you know it. Many a man can talk fluently and well while winding something—anything—about his finger, who, without it, would be constrained, awkward, and silent.

"One of the most annoying forms of this disease is the incessant tattoo which some people keep up on their knees or the table or whatever happens to be most convenient as a keyboard. I have noticed that musicians usually indulge this habit, and it is a very trying one, though I don't know that it is worse than 'twiddling your thumbs.' There are lots of other little ways peculiar to individuals. I know a man who, when embarrassed, always taps the side of his nose with his little finger; and a girl who is so given to pushing her hair behind her left ear that she has worn a bald spot there."

THE HINDOOS.—The mild Hindoo is superstitious. Here are a few of his beliefs, which, one imagines, judging from the nature of them, can scarcely be justified by reference to any of the known laws of nature.

Shouting the name of the garuda (a large bird) drives away snakes. Shouting Ram! Ram! drives away ghosts. Cholera that attacks on Monday or Saturday ends fatally; cholera that attacks on Thursday ends happily.

If, when you are fanning yourself, your fan strikes the body, knock the fan thrice on the ground, or ill will befall.

If you kill a snake, burn it; it contains the soul of a holy man. Do not wake a sleeping physician. A white-faced black cat is a sign of good luck.

When bamboos flower famine may be expected. When you give alms, give them across your threshold, otherwise you will be unlucky.

Never mention the words "tiger" or "snake" after dark; it is dangerous. Whatever you dream in the morning will surely come to pass. Never say your prayers with a bare head.

These superstitions bring to mind the remark which was made by a shrewd man who had been asked whether he believed in luck and ill-luck. "Oh, yes," he said, "there are certainly lucky things and unlucky things. For example, it is unlucky to be run over by a brewer's dray." That, probably, is the only sort of luck and ill-luck which is recognised by sensible people.

READ AND REMEMBER.—A writer gives the following very simple causes of taking cold, which are so generally overlooked: A common carelessness, especially with mothers who have occasion to rise suddenly in the night to attend to their children, is to step on the floor with bare feet. A pair of warm slippers, loose enough to slip on before the feet touch the floor, and as easily kicked off, is an indispensable part of night attire. Fatal illnesses have resulted from lack of precaution in this direction. Another carelessness is entertaining callers in a chilly room.

The guest keeps her wraps on and does not suffer; but the hostess, leaving the warm sitting room, which she thinks too disorderly or not furnished well enough to admit callers, runs serious risks. So with children who are sent to practise their music lessons in a cold parlor. The mother throws a shawl over the child's shoulders, but forgets the chill that may be conveyed to some delicate organ through the fingers' contact with the icy-cold keys.

PATIENT (dissatisfied with dietary restrictions)—"Say, Doc., I'm blamed if I'm going to starve to death just for the sake of living a little longer."

CROSSING THE BAR.

BY TENNYSON.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Weir Abbey.

BY JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

FAIR NATURE BOASTS no lovelier spot. The August sun is shedding its glad light over a redundancy of foliage and bloom that is the wonder of the county side, an especial richness of loam making the grounds round the Abbey on the Weir more prolific in vegetation than are those of any other lordly manor for many miles around.

As for the exterior of the old Abbey itself, its structural design is faultless; the ravages of time have treated it lightly, and the ruthless and destructive hand of the marauder has been stayed; while the interior bears a testimony to the advance which modern civilization has produced in luxury and beauteous craft

Who is the proprietor of this grand old favored plie? Surely he must be a very king in the realms of happiness. Whistling lightly as he walks with a buoyant step along the terrace, from which he can survey the country for miles round, in truth he looks a very prince.

For he, too, has been favored—favored with the beauty of the gods and fickle fortune's smile.

But six months has Weir Abbey been his, and he revels the more in its possession from the fact that it has come to him in the most unexpected manner by the death of a distant cousin who had only bought the place—giving a very large sum of money for it—some two years ago.

Hugo Burnet has been forced till now to count his coins, and has, moreover, had but few to count, and a position to keep up in a regiment where most of his brother officers were wealthy men.

But he was lighthearted then. Poverty scarcely sits heavy on cheery natures. Is he lighthearted now—even though he whistles the last comic opera refrain? Scarcely. With the responsibility of wealth he has already found his first grey hair.

A grey hair at five-and-twenty with Hugo Burnet's fortune and sweet Annie Clareford's love—absurd!

Ay; and she loved him, too, before he was rich—had vowed that no adverse fate should part them; "adverse fate" being a somewhat highly-strung epithet used by a prudent, fiery old colonel who claimed to be her father, and having suffered from a rash impecunious marriage himself was resolved that if he could help it Annie should not follow in her mother's footsteps.

But now that Hugo Burnet had stepped into the roll of landed gentry, and was the owner of Weir Abbey and several thousands a year to boot, why of course there could be no farther reason to oppose the marriage, and the colonel thought it would only show his sense by giving in.

Annie naturally was radiant with happiness, and Hugo expressed himself to be most grateful for the gift Colonel Clareford was ready to bestow on him; yet, somenow, he did not appear to be nearly as keen to become Annie's husband as he had been when three hundred a year at the very outside would have been the sum total of their income.

When he was in Annie's society he smiled on her and kissed her, and was as affectionately devoted as ever, but when he would leave her a cloud would sweep across his usually frank, happy face, and a connoisseur in whistling would have decided that the merry tones did not always ring quite true.

Could it be that Hugo Burnet had found some other maiden whom he deemed more worthy to be the mistress of the time-honored Abbey?

Let such an imputation on his honor be forthwith crushed. He was too staunch, too honest, too much of a typical high-minded Englishman to waver one moment from his allegiance.

And yet though weeks had passed into months, and to the outsiders there appeared to be no possible obstacle, he always avoided bringing matters to a climax, and had never yet asked Annie to name the day.

Poor child, the roses were beginning to fade out of her cheeks, and though she never complained nor would have allowed herself to doubt Hugo's love for an instant, yet it was obvious that she suffered not a little.

The colonel was becoming as fussily irate about the marriage being deferred as he had once been that it should be contemplated at all, and would probably have called the owner of Weir Abbey some hard names if he had not been kept in check by his patient, long-suffering wife.

Still, even she was puzzled by the delay. Every one was puzzled. The world in general—meaning all the county for miles round—was puzzled, and match-making mothers were beginning to think that perhaps, after all, one of their daughters might have a chance, for Annie Clareford did not seem to be by any means as much in the running as they had believed her to be.

Yet the couple were engaged, and the engagement had been given out quite officially.

It was one of those society mysteries that give everybody something to talk about. "A sort of thing that no fellier can understand," as Ralph Egerton, a quondam brother-officer of Hugo's was heard to say to that inquisitive little monkey, Susie Scrivener.

She had been told that Captain Egerton was Hugo's great friend and confidant, and was consequently trying to pick his brains. Unlucky Egerton! he had not got very many, and the few he had were not sufficient to solve the riddle of why Hugo was so dilatory about his marriage.

And whatever Hugo had done in his marching days, he did not help Egerton by any confidences now, but shut up his lips in a resolute manner, which there was no controverting, whenever Annie Clareford or anything connected with his engagement to her was mentioned.

During the first few weeks after his accession to wealth, before his manner grew enigmatical, he had suggested that Colonel Clareford and his family should pass the summer in a charming cottage which, being on the estate within a quarter of a mile of the Abbey, was a sort of appendix to the great house.

Colonel Clareford had accepted greedily; he was always most avariciously ready to save money.

Had it not been for this the county would not have known by any means as much of Hugo Burnet's love affairs as they did.

But August was waning. In September the colonel and his family must return to their own small dwelling in West Kensington, and the fiery old gentleman's fatherly instincts being thoroughly awakened, he told his wife "that he did not care what she said, he would have it out with that fellow before he left; he did not intend him to play the fool with Annie; why she was losing her looks and getting thinner every day."

So one grilling hot midday, when the birds were silent from sheer exhaustion, the insect world had crept away to doze among the foliage, four-footed creation slept beneath the shady trees, and there was scarce a murmur to break the stillness of the summer air, Colonel Clareford seized a knotty stick, which was his constant companion in his walks, and with a glare in his eyes as though he defied the very sun itself he started in search of the recalcitrant lover.

Before he reached the Abbey he saw Hugo walking in an opposite direction, and, his mind on suspicion bent, he at once decided that he was trying to be avoided.

"Ho! hullo there, Brunet," he shouted, in a voice the tones of which sounded like thunder in the still air.

Hugo, startled with the idea that something was wrong, looked round suddenly, and on his usually bright face there was such a terrified expression that he bore no resemblance to himself.

"What is it? What is it, Colonel Clareford?" he asked hurriedly. "Has anything happened to—to—Annie?"

"She is only dying by inches—pining away, in fact, and it is all your own fault, sir; all your own fault. Nobody asked you to come and make love to my daughter. Nobody wanted you. But having done so and gained her affections I say you are a mean dishonorable scoundrel t behave as you do. Yes, I repeat it—a scoundrel."

All the color faded out of Hugo Burnet's face and he stood trembling, ay, trembling, before his would-be father-in-law, and only muttered almost unintelligibly:

"I cannot help it; it is for her own good. God knows, I cannot help it."

"Merciful powers, is the man a lunatic? Cannot help it indeed! If you are a specimen of the stuff young men of the present day are made of, then all I can say is give me the old times when I was a youngster. Cannot help it! Very soon I shall not be able to help breaking every bone in your skin."

"If you only knew, colonel, you would not be so severe on me."

"Then why don't I know? Who else has a right? Hang all your mysteries. Let us have this one cleared up, and speedily."

"Would you mind coming with me to the Vicarage?"

"What! The parson is mixed up with it, is he? I thought he had been getting out of my way lately. Well, go on to the Vicarage; let us see the end of it. The sooner the better."

"If only there were an end," murmured Hugo, but in so low a tone that the colonel, who was slightly deaf, did not hear him.

Ten minutes' walk through the woods brought them to the modern vicarage, which lay nestling amid trees as though it were hiding away, half afraid of showing itself, lest the shades of any of the old monks should pass that way.

The vicar was at home. He was an unmarried priest.

For love of solitude and asceticism he might have been a very monk himself, only his religious proclivities had taken a Protestant turn, a fact, however, which had by no means deprived him of a strongly developed tendency to superstition.

He saw the two men coming in at the gate, and closing a large folio volume which he was perusing, pulled himself together as a man does who is preparing for a contest.

It did not occur to him to refuse them admittance or in any way defer the interview. Sooner or later he felt it must take place; since it must come, best have it over.

What was revealed at that meeting was a great mystery as what had gone before the revelation.

The fiery colonel went home a subdued and saddened man, and although by nature one who talked loud and long on every subject, yet he never mentioned the interview in the vicar's study even to his wife.

And everything went on much as it had done before the three men met in conclave, only Annie drooped daily more and more, and it seemed as if some blight had touched her.

When she was with Hugo Burnet she smiled and tried to look as if she were well.

She would not have him pressed for all the world, feeling so sure of him that she knew there was some good reason for his conduct.

At last the time came for their return to West Kensington. The days so pregnant with pleasure, strongly intermingled with pain, were nearly over.

Annie's simple girl's wardrobe was packed. With tears in her eyes she was standing by the window of the pretty parlor at the cottage, from which there was a splendid view of the Abbey.

She was wondering whether she should ever see the old pile again. Something at her heart almost bade her to doubt it. Without her having heard his footfall Hugo had come into the room.

She turned suddenly when he was close to her. It was the first time Hugo had seen a look of misery on Annie's face, tears in her erst bright eyes.

"My darling!" he cried, his recent coldness suddenly vanishing as he beheld her despair.

"My darling!"

And his arms were round her.

She, too, overcome by the surprise, allowed her natural feelings to have vent, and, her head on Hugo's shoulder, she lay for some seconds sobbing as though her heart would break.

Could coldness and silence any longer hold a place between these two?

"Do you love me so much, Annie, that to part from me would grieve you desperately?"

She raised her head and looked into his eyes with a wondering sadness in her gaze that was most touching.

"To lose you, Hugo," she said, "would be for me to die."

"To die, my Annie? No, no, it is in order that you may live that I would leave you."

"I do not understand."

Well might she be astonished. His words were as the words of a madman.

"As my wife, Annie, you are fated, As sweet Annie Clareford you may live and be happy for years."

"Never," she answered. "What you say is a riddle past my comprehension. All I know is that without you there is no happiness in life for me."

Alas, alas! what could he do or say? The terrible secret that was prematurely bringing him grey hairs and making the fiery colonel look sad and aged, must be shared with the gentle, loving Annie.

To the Vicarage then she too in turn was conducted, and an old parchment which the too erudite vicar kept carefully locked away in a drawer was produced for her perusal as it had previously been taken out when the colonel had accompanied Hugo to the Vicarage.

Annie looked the parchment down.

It had for heading in Old English letters, "The Curse on Weir Abbey."

Beyond this, not being a scholar as was the vicar, she could decipher nothing. So with a wondering look on her face she turned to Hugo for information.

He was no cleverer in the reading of old lore than was Annie, nevertheless he knew full well what that strange writing meant.

Had not the contents of that parchment been to him as a nightmare for several months past?

"The Curse on Weir Abbey," repeated Annie; "what does it mean? Why should so lovely a place have a curse, and what has it to do with me and Hugo?"

The vicar took upon himself the office of expiatner, for Hugo seemed as one bereft of speech.

"The monks," he said, "when in the reign of Henry the Eighth they were ejected from this pile, left a curse behind them. Through the centuries that have passed since then, the curse has never failed to work the threatened ill on the possessors of Weir Abbey and their families. Some of these follos you see ranged on that shelf give the history of the monks' unfailing vengeance descending on those who have usurped their rights. Hugo Burnet, as the present possessor of the Abbey, inherits the curse with the property; you, if you become his wife, will have to take your share of the awful retribution."

Annie did not blench or faint as Hugo expected she would have done, but she said very simply:

"Please read me the paper."

The vicar was scarcely loath; his love of expounding overcame his fear lest the knowledge he was imparting should wound to the quick her tender woman's heart.

He began to read pompously, translating from the original Latin used by the monks.

"The vengeance of Heaven cries aloud. Fire, Pestilence or Water shall be the implements of wrath used in punishment of those who, having turned a religous house into a secular abode of sin, shall be the possessors of the abbey by the Weir. To the owner himself shall death linger and halt; but his hearth shall be desolate, no children shall live to gladden his declining years, and the woman and wife who shall desecrate by her presence the abode of monks and holy men, shall suffer a terrible retribution at the hand of a just and angered God. Fire, Pestilence or Water."

When the vicar had finished his translation, there was silence for a second or two.

A rare light, as if some angel had touched her, overspread Annie's sweet face.

She laid her hand in Hugo's.

"And shall God forget to be merciful?" she said. "I have no fear. If there be danger, I will share it with you; but to those who seek to walk aright, the curses of men are mere empty words."

Hugo caught the inspiration of her trust and faith, and pressed the little hand she had given him.

But the vicar was relentless, perhaps because he was annoyed by Annie's want of awe.

"Presumptuous child," he said in a stern voice; "shall a curse; think you, that has never failed for centuries, be set on one side for a mere child like you?"

"My trust is in God," she answered, solemnly. "What shall I fear if He be by my side?"

The vicar seemed rebuked, for he made no reply, only folded the parchment and locked it away, as though to insinuate that he had uttered the warning, and if it had

fallen on an unheeding ear no blame could rest with him.

But what the vicar though or felt this young couple did not analyze.

With Annie's staunchness, Hugo's flagging courage and belief in the future had returned.

They two together could surely defy that curse, he was beginning to think, and so he took his fair fiancee in his arms and kissed her, and soon after they went forth hand in hand to be parted no more by fear of coming evil, for the maiden's purity and devoted love and faith seemed to cast a shield over the man's more timorous, superstitious nature.

And absolutely, as though they heard them not, they were indifferent to the vicar's murmured regrets and fears.

"Poor fools, poor fools! What a sorrow for themselves are they heaping on their heads! What wanton disregard for the philosophy that teaches how all things are possible."

To have asked him to tie the nuptial knot would have been vain, so, as had been previously arranged, the Clareford family returned to the tiny West Kensington house, and Hugo took up his quarters in a London hotel till the necessary preliminaries should be arranged for the marriage.

A month from the day on which they had paid their visit to the vicarage by the Weir, they were man and wife, and whatever that dread curse would bring to them of evil, they must henceforth suffer conjointly.

Still, Annie had no fear; while as for Hugo, though there were moments when he was depressed beyond word to explain, yet her trusting confidence in the good that must await them if they kept themselves "unspotted from the world," prevented him from wholly abandoning himself to the depths of despair.

On the fiery colonel, too, her faith had also told, though he could not wholly disembarrass himself of dread.

It was a crisp October day when they started for the Riviera on their honeymoon trip, announcing they would be at the Abbey by Christmas, when they hoped to entertain their friends and relations.

Till then Annie Clareford would fain have forgotten that the Abbey and its curse existed.

If they could only chase all memory of them both from her beloved Hugo's mind, how much happier would she be!

But he could not rid himself of the feeling that, tempted by his strong love, he had allowed Annie to sacrifice herself and, even as the moth flies round the lighted candle, to dare the flame.

He watched her with such intense anxiety that it became quite painful to her, though she tried to laugh at him, and asked him smilingly:

"What is it you are afraid of, Hugo? You seem to fancy you already see me lying dead at your feet. I assure you I feel quite well and—to use a thoroughly mundane phrase—very jolly."

"Oh, Annie, love, do not jest on such a serious subject. I have had a letter from the vicar to-day, still regretting, for your sweet sake, that I have been so darling."

"Tell me, Hugo: the vicar has the reputation of being a learned man, an absolute book-worm. Has much learning made him mad, or how can he give way to such superstitious nonsense? How can the curse that some angry men have chosen to pronounce hundreds of years ago have any effect on us now?"

"And yet it is so. If you were to read, as I have, some of the folios in the vicar's possession, you would see it followed out—see how the curses have been fulfilled; not only in one case, but in many, have they overtaken the inmates of this accursed abbey, even down to this generation."

"These are coincidences, I should imagine. Does the vicar attempt to account for them?"

"Nay, my Annie, if you wish to go in for what the vicar calls the philosophy of this matter you must argue it out with him."

"But surely you can tell me what he pretends."

"Well, the vicar has investigated and investigated till he has brought himself to believe in spiritual agencies. The theory is that those who uttered the curse have become lost souls, demons in fact, and that having power to work mischief they are relentless. They suffer horribly for their want of forgiveness and charity. They are in fact in hell, but from thence they can torment a poor human beings—even as good spirits can do to assist us."

Annie's eyes opened very wide. Such philosophy was beyond her comprehension, and of the agency of an Unseen World, save of the Omnipotent Power of God the Father, she knew naught, and in very truth she has no wish to perplex her mind with such uncanny and abstruse problems.

"Let us do the work that is set before us to do without counting the cost," she said, after a minute or two, during which she had apparently been thinking hard, "and leave demoniacal agencies to fight out the battle of darkness. Good must conquer evil in the end."

"Then you believe that good is more powerful than evil."

"Most assuredly I do."

Still, for all Annie could say, Hugo lay under the ban of the curse.

Life was very bright by the Riviera, but the sunshine only seemed to mock his fears, and each succeeding day, though it dawned rich in the gifts of prosperity, Hugo grew thinner and thinner, from the suffering produced by the dread of an impending doom.

"The curse of the Abbey had never failed."

So old lore, represented by the vicar, had taught him. Why should he and his race be exempt?

As possessor of these old Church domains he was not to be smitten save through those he loved; and he did love Annie very dearly—so dearly that his love for her was a positive fear and pain.

Nevertheless, to all outward appearance the young newly-married couple were disporting themselves merrily. Annie insisted on going everywhere.

She would not let Hugo mope over these morbid fancies if she could help it; but for all that, as the days succeeded each other, he seemed to become more and more anxious, and never opened his eyes after an hour or two of disturbed agitated sleep without suffering from the haunting dread that some terrible calamity would happen before nightfall.

"Could the curse be developing in a new form, and was madness to be his doom?" he asked.

Annie laughed at the supposition, and her persistent fearlessness still helped to give Hugo strength.

Christmas was approaching, and with it the time when they had promised their relations they would be ready to receive them at the Abbey.

To Hugo the idea of going home brought no pleasure, beautiful though the Abbey and its surroundings were. Since he had known of the curse that was one of the heirlooms, he regarded the place in the light of a doomed dungeon, and he told Annie he would only be too glad if he never saw it again.

She would not, however, let him off the work he ought to do as owner of this large property, and said they must go back to it.

Every preparation was made for the departure when, the English post having just arrived, Annie came into the room where Hugo was with an open letter in her hand.

"Your wish is fulfilled. You can never go back to the Abbey."

"Ah! How so?"

"It has been totally destroyed by fire. This letter from my father, who was sent for, announces it, and bids me break it to you gently."

But Hugo never for a moment deplored the destruction of the beautiful old Abbey—he shouted aloud and absolutely capered for joy.

"Fire, pestilence or water," he cried. "Fire has done its work; let us be thankful, Annie, and feel free."

And Annie was thankful, not that the Abbey was destroyed, but that Hugo believed that the curse had been fulfilled. She herself had no more belief in the power of a curse than she had had from the first, but she was far too wise a woman to treat him to a chapter on coincidences.

Needless to say, the Abbey was never rebuilt; and the ground was let to agriculturists, who gloried in the prolific qualities of the soil.

Hugo Burnet and his wife took a modern house in one of the home counties, to which no tradition was attached, and where children were born to them and they prospered and were happy.

Annie persistently held to her motto, and instilled it with much practice into her sons and daughters, "Do the work that is set before you to do without counting the cost."

EMPLOYMENT OF DOGS IN WAR.—Writing about the use of trained dogs in foreign arms as sentinels, messengers, etc., a London paper recalls that the employment of dogs in war was not infrequent from the very earliest times. Corinth is said to have been saved by fifty of these valiant auxiliaries, which, while the rest of the garrison slept, remained on the alert, and performed valuable outpost duty till the drunken revellers were aroused.

Philip of Macedon utilized their service in pursuing the mountaineers among their rocky fastnesses during his campaign against Argos.

Attila preferred to trust the safety of his camps to their keen perceptions rather than to the ears and eyes of his Huns. The Romans recognized their value for the same purpose, and the geese of the Capitol came to the rescue not only of men, but of dogs, too, which for once were caught napping. The Earl of Essex, in suppressing the Irish rebellion in the time of Elizabeth, is stated to have organized a force of 800 bloodhounds to accompany the army.

In more modern times we find the celebrated "Moustache" amongst the heroes of the French army at the commencement of the century.

He was decorated by Marshal Lannes at Austerlitz, and finally met a soldier's death in the Peninsula, where he was shot shortly after the seige of Badajoz.

At the present time the Russian train dogs to act as sentinels, having found the necessity of their aid during the expedition under Skobeleff in Asia Minor, where a stealthy and cunning enemy found means to surprise them on more than one occasion. Their German neighbors began to experiment on the value of dogs for outposts as far back as 1885, and are satisfied as to the assistance they would render in the outpost line.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.—It is generally acknowledged with regard to the diseases that afflict the human frame, that prevention is better than cure. Medicines obtain less favor than formerly, that act more as palliatives than curiates. Pure and wholesome habits of living are coming and felt to be recognized as the main reliance for physical health. In all our philanthropic movements, we aim more to cure evil habits than to establish good ones; to correct abuses than to avert them; to purify the muddy waters of a corrupt and sensual life than to keep the spring clear and sweet at the fountain head. In the family it is the faults of the children that awaken and induce parental interference; in the school it is broken rules and disorderly conduct that spur the teacher to energetic measures and corrective power; in the office, the store, or the factory, it is idleness, inefficiency, or want of integrity, that demands positive and sure means to regulate and overcome deficiencies and irregularities detrimental to the employers and employed. A large portion of the faults of children that are so troublesome and annoying might be prevented by a wise forethought and judicious management. If the real wants of the nursery were well supplied, each in proper season, much of the fretting and irritability that pass under the name of temper would be avoided. Pure air, healthful and sufficient food, at regular intervals, proper temperature, beautiful surroundings, cheerful looks and loving care would banish more than half the juvenile offences which are attributed wholly to moral delinquency. Even many of the more serious offences, whether, when committed, demand grave attention and prompt reproval, might have been averted by a wise training. In the school much more may be accomplished by prevention than by cure. Careful organization and arrangements will avoid much of the confusion that is so annoying; a clear settlement of rights will prevent quarrels and disputes, the withdrawal of temptations too hard to resist will prevent dishonesty and deceit, and a mild, yet firm and just government will prevent the beginnings of insubordination. The employer may wage a more successful war against carelessness, remissness, idleness, and dishonesty, by preventing their appearance, in his service, that by allowing them to come to maturity and then endeavoring to exterminate them. Many of the crimes of embezzlement, defalcations, and frauds might never have taken place, crushing confidence, breaking down characters, and blasting happiness had the work of prevention steadily and surely checked the growth of dishonesty from the beginning of these sad careers.

L. G. W.

MISS KOLEBLACK, dressing for the Pullman car porters' ball: "Mammy, take dis yeah cork stopple and burn it foah me."

Mrs. K.: "Wha' foah, 'Lizy?"

"Kase, ain't I got ter powder mah complexion?"

Scientific and Useful.

MUCILAGE.—To make mucilage, such as is sold in stationary stores at five cents per bottle, mix dextrine, 2 quarts, acetic acid, 1 quart, water, 5 quarts, alcohol, 1 quart.

FIREMAN'S MASK.—An account has been published of a newly invented mask for the use of firemen, which contains a filter of porous material through which the wearer can breathe air that is supplied to him through a pipe which opens near the floor. A great many protective devices of this kind have been devised from time to time; but it is as well to remember that in cases of emergency there is nothing very much better than a wet blanket. This acts both as a defence against the flames and a filter for the smoke.

TAKING THE PICTURE.—Among the wonders shown at the Paris Exhibition is an automatic portrait-taking machine, which is set in motion by the familiar device of dropping a coin into a slot provided for it. This done, the sitter takes his place in front of the machine, and fixes his eyes upon a spot arranged for the purpose. A warning dial gives the instruction Attention, when a bell rings during the time of exposure, which lasts from three to six seconds, according to the light available at the time. (This time of exposure is estimated and regulated by an attendant.) In about five minutes a finished portrait emerges from the machine.

IMITATING MARBLE.—Any person may paint a wooden mantelpiece, &c., and obtain the effect of elaborate marble painting by the following simple method:—First give the woodwork two coats of white paint, and when the second coat is nearly dry, take a piece of French chalk, either black or any other color with which you may prefer to have your marble veined, and with this draw lines and marks to represent veins—this requires no skill, as the more rudely they are drawn the more closely will they resemble the natural markings—then give a third coat of thin white paint. Into this the chalk will work up, and the lines will assume the softened and graduated effect seen in real marble. A glossy surface may be given by an after coat of copal varnish.

Farm and Garden.

THE CORE.—Horticulturists are now endeavoring to breed out the troublesome core from apples. It is worthy of attention, especially as the trees are much more exhausted by the production of seeds than by that of their development, and usually more seeds, the less eatable pulp, and the harsher its quality.

FINE MATERIAL.—All materials added to the manure heap should be fine. The object of the heap is to have the material undergo a chemical process through decomposition, and the result to be obtained depends on the degree of decomposition. Unless reduced in the heap the material is not converted into manure.

A SOLVENT FOR RUST.—It is often very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to remove rust from articles made of iron. Those which are most thickly coated are most easily cleansed by being immersed in a solution, nearly saturated, of chloride of tin. The length of time they remain in this bath is determined by the thickness of the coating of rust. Generally twelve to twenty-four hours is long enough.

STORING FRUIT.—In storing fruit or vegetables in the cellar, says an exchange, the better plan is to have boxes or bins, and arrange them so that they will be raised two or three inches above the bottom and the same distance from the wall. This gives a cold air space all around them, and will aid materially in keeping at a more even temperature, while at the same time the risk of injury by frost is considerably lessened.

STEAM FOR COMMON ROADS.—In the French technical journal, *La Nature*, there is described a steam-carriage for common roads, which will carry three passengers. It has a small boiler of the vertical type, which works at a pressure of one hundred and seventy pounds on the square inch, and evaporate about thirteen gallons of water per hour. The speed attained on a good road is about fifteen miles per hour, and enough water can be carried to last for a run of twenty-five miles. The fuel (coke) costs one-third of a cent per mile. The entire weight of car, fuel, water, and passengers is twenty-two hundred-weight.

NEVER give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach.

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THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2.00 for THE POST one year.

In Praise of Poverty.

When Bunyan's Pilgrim is in the House Beautiful, he prays that he may still remain poor; upon which his sturdy conductor breaks out with an exclamation of wonder: "That is a prayer," says he, "that has hung so long by the wall, that it is well-nigh rusty," but he approves the wisdom of it.

If the prayer was somewhat rusty with Bunyan, what is it now with us? If people were fond of living in fine houses and wearing fine clothes in his day, they are at present given over to a general madness in that way.

This is an age of luxury and riches. Men and women break God's first behest, "increase and multiply," on account of the fear and the expense of marriage.

Women, in describing their choice, put prominently forward the fact, not that he is moral, wise, beautiful, or good, but that he is in "a good position." Luxury has enervated all classes.

But after all the fact is, poverty is only a personal condition. A man's soul, influence, mind and heart are always above it, if he is a great man. If he is a small or a weak one he will suffer.

Being, therefore, a personal condition, poverty must have its blessings and its benefits as well as riches. It has its curses and troubles, too; and poor people know them pretty well, and never cease crying out about them.

The men who have found out its merits are chiefly the philosophers and wise men, to whom we owe so much.

One of the most humorous and valuable dissertations in praise of poverty is to be found from the mouth originally of Socrates, we presume; at any rate, Xenophon gives it in his Banquet, where it is spoken by Charmides, a scholar and friend of the great philosopher. It has in it something wonderfully Socratic.

As these fine old Greeks are chatting after their supper, Socrates proposes that each of them shall speak upon what he most values himself.

Charmides, who had been very rich, and spent all his money, values himself upon his poverty.

"Why so?" cry the rest.

"It is acknowledged," says Charmides, "that to feel secure is better than to be in fear; that to be free is better than to be a slave; to be trusted by one's country, better than to be distrusted; but when I was a rich man in this city, I was afraid, in the first place, lest somebody should break into my house, seize upon my money, or do me some personal harm."

He next tells us of some inconveniences which were only to be found in Athens at that time, and which do not apply now.

"Now," he continues, "I can lay myself down to sleep. I am not rich enough to be suspected by the Government; I am at liberty to leave the city, or to stay in it at pleasure. When I was rich, people reproached me for associating with Socrates and other low philosophers. Now I can choose my friends, for since I am grown poor nobody pays any further attention to me. When I had much I was always unhappy, because I was always losing some thing; now I am grown poor I lose nothing, for I have nothing to lose; and yet I am constantly consoled and cheered with the hopes of getting something."

But there are better reflections to enable us to bear poverty than even Socrates can give. Riches are no doubt, as he says, a burden; and as Walton has it when speaking of a rich man, "the keys that keep the treasures of those riches hang heavily at his girdle," and they are also often an absolute impediment to ease and liberty.

In modern society, much as it has been blamed, there is an idea of duty which presses heavily upon the rich, and from which they cannot possibly escape.

A rich man is surrounded by people for whom he does not care, but whom he must feed and support. He is never quite sure whether his wife married him for love or for position. He buys horses and carriages which he seldom uses, and lays up a stock of wine which he does not and cannot drink. He gives feasts in the season, because others do, and he comes up to town and goes down into the country because others do the same.

The human heart—"thanks to the human heart by which we live," writes Wordsworth, which was, and is good in all ages, let who will abuse it—has, without sacred teachers, long found out the blessings of poverty.

Lucan says "that it is the greatest good that Heaven can bestow upon man, but that it is very seldom understood; that it is really and truly a gift of the gods," Livy tells us that the worst pinch of poverty is appearing ashamed of it; and Horace assures us that if a man has enough to eat, to drink, and to wear, he has all that the greatest kings have.

But it is not in speaking only that great men of past ages showed their true appreciation of wealth. Socrates went about meanly clad, and without show, seeking wisdom, not from the learned or the rich, but from the working men and the poor.

Diogenes despised the follies of riches, and lived upon just what he could get; other wise men called property and possessions the "baggage of life;" that is, they likened them to the baggage that goes with an army, and which, of course, always hinders the march of that army.

Men who suffer poverty need, however, occasional consolation and comfort; and it may serve them somewhat to know that there are many who believe that, in this life at least, they have the best of it, whilst it is certain that they have the best chance of the other; that is, if they make use of the lessons which poverty teaches them.

But more than this, Poverty, like its great sister, Necessity—if, indeed, they are not one and the same—is the mother of all great things. Few, if any, great men have been born of the rich; poor living is almost always the companion of high thinking.

Poverty only falls heavily upon the mean and ignoble; he who chooses to bear it will find it the nurse of manly energy, the friend of purity, the instigator of great deeds and high enterprises.

If any man doubts this, let him take a biographical dictionary, and count up the number of great men who have risen from the cottages of the poor.

If, therefore, we want to meditate upon great things, to see the real faces and not the masks of men, to find out our true friends, to avoid fawners and flatterers, to bear the truth,—a bitter, but a kindly, healthy tonic,—to know ourselves and others, to forget man, and to be brought nearer to God and to the eternal realities—let us not despise Poverty, nor crave—as all must who pick up gold too eagerly—after riches.

THERE is no such thing as utter failure to one who has done his best. Were this truth more often emphasized, there would be more courage and energy infused into sad and desponding hearts. The compensation may seem shadowy and afar off, but it is not so. It attends every one who is conscientious, painstaking, and resolute, and will never desert him, whatever may be the fate of his exertions in other respects.

THOSE who have enough individuality to think for themselves earnestly and deeply find in that very exercise a happiness which is all their own. They may share it with others, and it may be heightened by sympathy, but it cannot be taken away. It opens a refuge from many troubles, and helps one to bear many burdens.

THE purpose of all true rest is to quality and prepare us for more thorough and effective work; and the intent of all real work—educationary, disciplinary and preparatory, as all the life work of earth is meant to be—is just to train us for that rest which is not for a season only, but which "remaineth."

THE only efficient way to preserve the blessings of civil freedom within legitimate bounds is to inculcate on the mind of youth whilst at school the virtues of truth, justice, honesty, temperance, self-denial, and those other fundamental duties comprised in the Christian code of morals.

DIOGENES, being presented at a feast with a large goblet of wine, threw it on the ground. When blamed for wasting so much good liquor, he answered: "Had I drunk it, there would have been double waste; I as well as the wine would have been lost."

HE who complains that the world is hollow and heartless unconsciously confesses his own lack of sympathy, while he believes that people as a whole are kindly and humane is certain to have the milk of human kindness in his own nature.

THE creature cannot serve the Creator except with a service of love. Love is the soul of worship, the foundation of reverence, the life of good works, the remission of sins, the increase of holiness, and the security of final perseverance.

TOIL is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasures which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them—no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which repay the laborer.

WINK at small injuries rather than avenge them. If, to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy you make a thousand.

THE more a man follows Nature and is obedient to her laws, the longer he will live; the farther he deviates from these, the shorter will be his existence.

MONEY in your purse will credit you; wisdom in your head will adorn you; but both in your necessity will serve you.

FORTUNATE, unspeakably fortunate, is the young man who has a home that he loves.

The World's Happenings.

Queen Victoria receives 349 or more letters a day.

A Westminster Abbey in Washington has been suggested.

Twice as many divorces are granted for drunkenness in Kansas as in Texas.

Orange City, Fla., boasts of a head of lettuce nearly six feet in circumference.

Italy has a debt of $4,362,800,000, the largest of any nation in the civilized world.

A carat of gold received its name from the carat seed of the Abyssinian coral flower.

Montana makes the most creditable showing of any of the new States. She is without a dollar of indebtedness.

Robert E. Gick, although serving out a life sentence in Joliet Prison, acts as the Warden's coachman and trusted messenger.

A health inspector investigated and found true the report that a grocer in Elizabeth, N. J., was selling coffee adulterated with small stones.

According to the "American Art Printer" there are 128,000 printers in the United States.

A mail bag was recently found in the old law Courts at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, containing 175 undelivered letters, dating back to 1585.

Perhaps the youngest couple ever married in North Carolina have just been united in Davis county. The groom is 13 and his bride two years younger.

A little girl in Brooklyn who broke her leg a few weeks ago has since broken the same limb five times, each time by falling in attempting to get out of bed.

A kite, 19½ feet high and 13 feet wide, made of 54 yards of linen, was recently constructed by five boys in Terryville, Conn. At its first ascent it went up 2000 feet.

About the chief distinction claimed by United States Senator George, of Mississippi, is the fact that he has sworn never to wear a dress suit or to ride in a carriage.

The adventures of an Vienna tailor who traveled from Vienna to Paris in a packing case as "last freight" in order to save expense, are exciting the risibilities of the French capital.

In publishing a card of thanks for the kindness of friends during a recent bereavement in her family, in a Kansas paper, a writer said: "I hope I will soon be able to return the compliment."

Seventy or 80 people in Jefferson county, Ill., have petitioned Postmaster General Wanamaker to establish a postoffice at a point about five miles from Mount Vernon, to be called La Grippe.

A man named Brown, who died in the Salem, Mass., almshouse a few days ago, had been an inmate of the institution for over half a century. He was of weak mind, and had been a cripple from birth.

A strawberry festival was given in the Methodist Church at Missionary Ridge, near Chattanooga, Tenn., New Year's evening. The berries, large, ripe and luscious, were gathered in a field near the church.

Miss Kennedy, a San Francisco schoolma'am who was dismissed by the School Committee in 1887 without any assigned cause, has been reinstated by a decision of the Supreme Court, with $5000 for pay in the interval.

Three boys, aged 8, 9 and 12 years respectively, were arrested in New York lately for stealing lead pipe, etc., from vacant houses. One man lost $200 worth of property. The boys when arrested had candles in their pockets.

A smart old couple are Deacon D. Eer and his wife, of Appleton, Me. He is 84 and she is in her 83d year. He carries on quite a large farm, doing much of the labor himself, and Mrs. D. does all the housework, and has made this season over 500 pounds of butter.

At Monza, away from the show and ceremonies of Rome, the Italian royal family lead a very simple life. Early in the morning the King takes a long ride in the park or into the neighborhood, regardless of wind or rain. On his return he breakfasts very slightly.

The number of violent deaths in England from the use of the revolver during the past year has exceeded that of the previous year, numbering considerably over 100. A number of judges have called attention to the necessity of Parliamentary restriction of the carrying of firearms.

Queen Victoria's portrait in widow's weeds is still used on the three-cent and six-cent postage stamps of Newfoundland. The one-cent stamp of the same country shows the Prince of Wales' portrait as a boy. A stamp of the Colony of Victoria bears a representation of the Queen sitting on her throne.

Senator Allison's card bears the following quiet inscription: "Mr. Allison." Representative Morse places the following legend on his cards: "Elijah A. Morse, member Congress, Second Massachusetts District, manufacturer. Residence, office and factory, Canton, Mass. When Congress is in session, The Shoreham, Fifteenth and H streets, Washington, D. C."

A boy at Lille, France, has just met with the same fate as the heroine in the song of the "Mistletoe Bough." He disappeared, and a most diligent search was made for him to no purpose, until it occurred to his uncle to look inside a large box which was kept in a loft. There he found his nephew's corpse. It is supposed that the lad chose the box as a quiet place where he could lie down without the risk of interference. The lid fell down accidentally and he was suffocated.

A peculiar death occurred at the house of Charles Maltby, in the suburbs of Plainfield, New Jersey, several days ago. George Robinson, a lad employed to assist Mr. Maltby's gardener, entered the butler's store-room soon after dinner and fed himself generously on dried prunes. He then drank largely of water. In a short time, it is related, he began to suffer excruciating pains which medical skill could not lessen, and within an hour after physicians had been summoned he was dead.

WE MET AGAIN.

BY U. P.

We met again, though years had parted,
And absence filled our hearts with pain,
And though we both were angry-hearted,
We met again.

The birds were singing sweetly round us;
The leaves were falling in the lane,
And face to face the sunshine found us:
We met again.

Her eyes were just the same as ever—
Blue as the heavens after rain;
I could have loved her then, if never
We met again.

I had no words to whisper to her,
For how could I the past explain?
We should have thought each other truer,
Nor met again.

The Silver Locket.

BY BLEUZILBANE.

I AM A plain-clothes officer, James Dryland by name, age thirty-five, married. If it had not been for the deepness of Sigismund Hannay, I should have been still a bachelor. Of course Sigismund Hannay was only indirectly concerned in my marriage, but undoubtedly if it had not been for him I should have been still a bachelor.

It came about, you see, this way:—I had been thirteen years in the police, I had served as a constable, I had served as a sergeant, there was nothing against me. I was a plain-clothes officer at last, and on my promotion I had hoped to marry. Annie—that's my wife—was a nice girl, an only child, and a bit above me, I own it; but I had walked out with Annie since she was seventeen, that's five years ago, so you see she is quite a young thing, now only two and twenty.

Annie's old father was very proud of her, proud of her good looks, proud of her education, which, as I said, is above mine, and proud of her having been left a thousand pounds, which he had the use of for his life, but which on his death came to Annie.

Annie, then, was an heiress in a small way. Annie's father, old Day, lived in a little house in Hoxton. Five years ago I walked past it when I was looking for fresh lodgings. It seemed very neat and clean, and in the window was a card, Lodgings for a respectable single man. I am a single man, said I, the place will suit me—just suit me. I knocked, the door was opened. Annie appeared; I asked to see the lodgings. Instead of showing them to me, she said 'You can see father.' I saw father. Old Day was sitting by the fire, his legs wrapped up in a rug.

'Good day,' says he.

'Morning,' says I, and begun asking him about his lodgings. But he never answered me one word.

'Are you respectable?'

'Of course I am,' says I.

'What are you?'

'An officer,' says I.

'Sheriff's officer?' with a grin. 'Won't do,' says he.

'No, police,' said I, indignant-like.

'That's better. But,' said he, with a sort of reckon-you-up look, 'how about respectability though?'

'You can ask my inspector,' said I, 'he's in of a morning till noon.'

'Won't do—it isn't good enough.'

'Good morning,' says I, getting up, and feeling very riled with the old fellow.

'Sit still—I mean it isn't good enough for me; I can't go to him. I'm only half a man; my lower half wrong. Can you do for yourself, policeman?' said the old man.

'No objection to,' said I; and after some ten minutes' talking it was arranged that I was to see the rooms, and if I liked them I could have them very cheap; all he wanted was protection for himself and his daughter. 'I can't stand women,' said he, 'and you can take the girl out a bit now and then.'

I opened my eyes, but the old man meant no harm; I was a policeman, that was enough for him, and he did't consider that policemen have hearts. We settled it. I saw the rooms, my inspector was to call round and speak for me. He did call, and he satisfied old Day. I went to live at Hoxton. I did as he suggested. I took the girl out now and then. I was a steady man, she was a steady girl; no harm came of it—why should there? But we fell in love. I spoke to the old man,

'Jim,' said he, 'it can't be done. You're but a common policeman, my girl will have some money, it can't be, Jim.'

This was the first I'd heard of money. I pleaded; all no use. Annie pleaded; no use. Next day the old man called me into his parlor, there he sat all day; like an old toad in a tree; he never moved—he couldn't, poor old chap!

'Sit down,' says he. 'Jim, I've thought it over,' and then he told me of the thousand pounds. 'Now,' says he, 'I'm a cripple, Jim, and I can't part with my girl, and she won't get the money till I'm dead. There is one way; stay on where you are, Jim, go on as you are, and when you've earned five hundred pounds, why take my girl; stay on here with me, and when I'm gone she shall have the money—a thousand pounds. It's a fair offer, Jim, what do you say?'

What could I say? I was worth something under fifty pounds at that time, how could I earn five hundred pounds?

'It's to take or to leave,' said old Day.

'I agree,' said I. Not that I had any idea I should ever get five hundred pounds together, but I didn't like to leave Annie.

'You won't mention it to Annie, Jim?'

'Not I,' said I.

He slapped his hand into mine, and he lit his pipe; he never said another word on the subject again. Things went on as they had done. I used to see Annie about, and take my walks with her, and I used to read the paper of an evening to the old man, just as usual. He always used to make me begin with the agony column.

One night I sat prepared to commence reading to him.

'Anything in my way?' said he. He meant the agonies.

'Nothing,' said I.

'Anything in your way, Jim?' He meant the rewards for lost property, criminals, and such like.

'Only Sigismund Hannay,' said I.

'Who's he?' said old Day.

Now I hadn't read the continual advertisements about Sigismund Hannay to him, for when a big reward offered he would put down his pipe with an irritating way he had, and grinning at me say——

'That's a nice little sum, Jim Dryland, why don't you earn it?'

I began, 'Five Hundred pounds reward.'

'That's the exact sum, Jim Dryland,' says he; 'why don't you earn it?'

I didn't answer him, I was too much disgusted. I read the advertisement. No need to read it, I knew it by heart. I know it by heart now. This is what it was:—

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

'Wanted, Sigismund Hannay, who has absconded, taking with him the following securities,' (here followed a long list of bonds that the criminal had taken with him). 'A percentage will be paid in addition upon all the securities recovered.

'Sigismund Hannay, a native of Saxony, is five feet ten inches high, stoops a little, speaks English fluently, with a slight German accent; when much excited his right eyelid droops slightly. Had on when last seen shepherd's plaid trousers, a cutaway coat and vest of black diagonal cloth, plain gold shirt studs, a tail hat with a black mourning band, Edwards maker; brown merino socks, and light Oxonian shoes. He has curly chestnut hair, blue eyes, slight moustache, and beard same color; is of pleasing personal appearance and manners. All communications to Inspector Roberts, Scotland Yard.'

'Read it again, Jim.'

I read it again, old Day never said one word. I read the paper through to him. When I'd finished, and risen to bid him good-night, he said—

'Read it again, Jam,'

'Read what?' said I.

'About him,' said the old man.

I knew very well what he meant. 'If I were a young man, Jim Dryland; if I had my sweetheart's happiness and my own happiness depending on it, I'd find Sigismund Hannay, leastways I'd try to.' That's what he meant.

He wished me good night, just as he always did. Annie shook hands; I just squeezed hers.

And I went to bed, to dream, as I had dreamt for some time, of Sigismund Hannay, the native of Saxony, five feet ten inches high, &c. I had been to Scotland Yard, and I seen Inspector Roberts. He told me it was a city case, not in my way at all. I was mostly concerned in other things, and the inspector showed me Hannay's portrait.

There he sat, the man who was worth five hundred pounds to me, and more, perhaps. Of course it wasn't likely that I should be put on to the trapping of Sigismund Hannay—not likely. I had my own regular work. Still I heard all there was to hear about him. That was not much. There was not the slightest clue to Hannay or the securities.

Old Day had been in his time an attendant in a private mad house—what you call a keeper, you know—and many a curious yarn he could tell of those madhouses, and the goings on in the old days; but now he said it was all changed, all fair and square, and straightforward.

Some twenty years before, Day had been sent to a special job; he was attendant to the insane son of a man of rank; he stayed there, married a servant in the family, and when the patient died, out of gratitude for the care he took of his son, the gentleman settled a thousand pounds on old Day. Old Day lived on that fifty pounds a year and his savings. Mrs. Day died, and the old fellow, being alone with his girl, took me to live with them as watch dog, as I have related.

Now old Day had one great friend, old Stewart. Old Stewart was an attendant at a large private asylum in the environs of London. Whenever old Stewart had an hour or two to spare, he would come and sit and smoke with his old comrade Day—he was very fond of old Day, he was, very fond; but he was also fond of Annie, and he was fifty if he was a day. I didn't like old Stewart, but I took care not to show it, and I took care not to seem jealous of him, but I wrs, for all that.

In those days I used to study French. I thought it might get me on in the force, and I worked hard at it. I sat poring over my grammar in old Day's room, when who should come in but Stewart. I wished him good evening, but I returned to my work and, elbows on the table, I ground away at my verbs.

I thought of Stewart and Annie. Stewart's presence seemed to annoy me. I could not concentrate my attention; involuntarily I began to listen to their talk, as usual about the 'establishment,' as they called it.

'New boarder yesterday,' said Stewart—they never call them madmen, but 'boarders.'

'Bad case?' said old Day.

'Um,' said Stewart; 'curious case; he beats me, the fellow does. I've been on asylum work, man and boy, this thirty-three years, and he's the first boarder I ever see as liked it—and he does, he likes it."

'Likes it,' said old Day as if he was being chafed; 'you don't say that?'

'I do, though,' said Stewart, 'that's just it, he likes it! There weren't no fuss at all when the "Winker" comes in.' (I noticed they mostly had nicknames for their patients which they used among themselves.) '"I think I'll go to bed at once," says he, quite quiet like. "I think I'll go to bed at once. Are you a keeper?" says he. "Show me my room." "I'm an attendant, sir," says I. "All the same," says he, and he tips me a little wink. I marches him off into one of our double, as per usual. "I'll valet you, sir," says I. "You can go," says he, cool as a cucumber, tipping me another wink; however, there I stood, awaiting on him, and feeling each of his pockets for knives and such like. I leaves him his watch, and I leaves him his money till I gets my orders, and as he jumps into bed, without a-saying of his prayers, says I to myself, "You won't be here long, young fellow.',

'"What are you taking my clothes for?"

'"Taking to brush," says I.

'"Just so," says he with another wink—that cool he took me aback. "Good-night."

'"Good-night, sir," says I.

'And five minutes after, when I come back, he was as sound as a house.'

'Rum case,' said Day.

'I believe you,' said old Stewart. 'I goes in to the doctor for my instructions. "Safe in bed, sir," says I.

'"Very good," says he.

'"I suppose I'd better sleep in his room, sir?"

'"Oh, no! quite needless!" said he, taking me all of a heap; "he's a chronic case."

'"About his things, sir," said I.

'"Oh, he can retain them," said he, in his stand off way, You might have knocked me down with a feather, Day.'

I heard no more; I didn't listen; their talk didn't interest me. Stewart left after supper.

Many of these chats took place between Day and Stewart of an evening. Gradually I dropped into their conversation unawares; there was no secrecy; the two men seemed at loggerheads about one of the patients. Stewart stoutly maintained that one of the boarders at Selby House was sane. Old Day laughed at him.

'One would think we were in the old times, Stewart. And the man attempts no escape, and seems comfortable, and is sane—pooh!'

'The Winker's as sane as I am, Jack,' sulkily asserted Stewart, 'and what's more, the doctor and the "prop" had words about him the other day.'

By the 'prop' he meant the proprietor, who was not a doctor at all as he had told us. The two old fellows wrangled over the pros and cons of the matter till supper-time.

'By the way, I found a locket, Annie, today,' said Stewart to my Annie. I didn't like his calling her Annie, but he was an old man, and presumed on it.

'Would you like to see it?' She nodded, and he drew from his pocket a battered silver locket. In it were two colored portraits, an old lady with little old-fashioned curls at her temples on one side, the portrait of a handsome boy with curling hair on the other. I looked at him with interest; I seemed to have seen his face before, but couldn't recall it.

'It won't be long before it's claimed,' said Stewart, 'and the find will not be worth much to me. I expect it belongs to one of our boarders. What's it worth, sergeant?' said he, passing it to me.

'A matter of five shillings, I should say,' weighing it in my palm. And I noticed that on each side was a worn monogram—M. S. V, on one side, H. S. on the other. Stewart put the old locket in his pocket, and, supper over, took his leave.

I soon went to my bed, but not to sleep. The five hundred pounds reward didn't give me much chance of that. Wanted, Sigismund Hannay. His defrauded employers couldn't want their bonds more than I wanted Sigismund Hannay and the five hundred pounds which depended on his capture.

I slept at last, to dream that I had captured him on an iceburg in the Polar seas, and I woke shivering, to find that my struggles with the visionary culprit had ended in my kicking off my bed-clothes, which accounted for the Arctic regions.

I used to go down to the head office to see what was doing occasionally, and among the many photos of the wanted ones I again saw the comely features of Sigismund Hannay.

I gazed on his face with rapt attention; in my mind's eye I filled in the details which the photo failed to give—the chestnut hair, the blue eyes. 'I shall know you when I see you, my friend,' said I to myself.

Stay, there was something almost familiar about the photograph—a something that seemed familiar; but I said to myself that I had so often looked with longing eyes at this photograph that it doubtless seemed an old acquaintance. No, Sigismund Hannay had surely cleared out of England; doubtless the United States—the longed for borne of the hunted English criminal—had been reached, and Sigismund Hannay and his bonds were beyond even the long arm of the London police.

Next evening Stewart came in again. We played a rubber, Annie and I against the two old men, then we sat down to supper. After supper Stewart told us that he had found the owner of the locket.

'And he's a mean hound, is "the Winker;" he says he'll give half a crown for it, and it's worth a crown to melt, isn't it, sergeant?' said he, tossing it across the table to me.

'I'll get you more than a crown for it,' said I. 'It's worth three half-crowns as old silver; why it's thick and heavy—very heavy.'

'Keep it, and see what you can get me for it, sergeant,' said Stewart. 'He's a mean hound; I wouldn't care if it was one of the other boarders, poor chaps; they haven't any cash save an odd shilling or so, while the "Winker," he's piles, piles; notes, too, as I'm a living man! What did I tell you? there's a screw loose somewhere, Day; there's some game on. When did you ever see a boarder, Jack Day, with his pocket-book full of notes?—notes, Jack. When did you ever see a boarder as step' his first night alone? Alone, Jack Day!' cried the excited man.

'Why do you call him "the Winker," Stewart?' I asked.

'It's a rule we have; none of the boarders' names are ever mentioned off the premises, it's a fine—five bob.'

'But what is his name?' said I.

'Hoffmann,' said Stewart.

'Stewart!' cried old Day.

'Well,' apologized Stewart, 'the sergeant is one of us, or nearly so; but as for "the Winker"——

'You haven't told me why you call him "the Winker,"' persisted I.

'Because he was always a winking the day he came in; he seldom does it now, only when he's riled; he did wink though, over the locket; he made an awful fuss over it, and the 'prop'' says it must be found. Found be hanged, says I; that Winker is a mean hound.'

By this time Stewart had quite enough; he bade us good night and went away.

I forgot the locket next day. When at the Scotland Yard office I felt it in my pocket, and I remembered that I had promised to ascertain its value. I opened it out of curiousity; there was the old lady—a fine old lady; there was the youth—a handsome youth.

I was going to close the locket. Stay, there is something familiar about that handsome face, that curly chestnut hair, those blue eyes—can it be——? My hand closes on the locket with a convulsive clutch, I feel faint like and sit down.

Then I walk up to the portraits of the 'Wanted.' There they are—the hang-dog, villainous men, the low-browed, scowling women, thief and ruffian written on all their faces.

From all stands out in smiling comeliness Sigismund Hannay, the bright young German. It is very like him! It is—it must be he! Taken perhaps some years ago, the boy of the locket would become the celebrity of the criminal portrait gallery.

I returned home and carefully examined the locket; I took out the likenesses; both were cut from ordinary cartes de visite and colored; on the back of the youth's is the photographer's address—Sachsen (Saxony) It is almost enough.

I carefully replace them and close the locket with a snap. H. S. on the name-plate, why not S. H.? They are merely interwined letters. It is enough! I have found him.

* * * * * *

I said I had found him. I thought I had, but between seeing the clue, or rather thinking you see it, and catching your man, there is a great distance.

Here is the position, if my theory is correct. Sigismund Hannay, under the alias of Mr. Hoffmann, is incarcerated under false pretences, to which he is probably a consenting party, in Shelby House.

Who are his accomplices? All the sane inhabitants of Shelby House. That is unlikely, whith a reward of five hundred pounds on his head. It is some years ago that the occurrences I am narrating happened.

Now, Sigismund Hannay, would have smiled on the British public from a board outside every police station. Then the only portrait of Sigismund Hannay was that in the office in Scotland Yard—and perhaps the one in the locket in my hand. Consequently, the keepers in Shelby House need not be the accomplices of Sigismund Hannay. There remain the resident proprietor and the doctor.

I remembered Stewart's saying 'the doctor and the "prop" had words about him the other day.'

Then his banknotes. Who ever heard of a lunatic with banknotes, except, perhaps, those of the Bank of Elegance? But then, if he had these notes and the piles of money Stewart talked of, why didn't he offer more for the old locket he wanted back, and that the proprietor had said must be found?

He was afraid to offer much, and so attract attention to himself.

If he were insane, why, when Stewart put him in a double-bedded room, as was the custom at Shelby House, did he sleep alone? If he were a sane man, and it seemed Stewart had no doubt of it, why didn't he try to escape? Because he didn't want to.

The only person, then, really in the secret, might be the proprietor, the doctor being merely mystified, and, possibly in doubt; for Sigismund Hannay, if it were he, could only have been placed in the asylum on the certificate of two medical men and a friend or relative.

Were the two medical men and the friend or relative accomplices? Not necessarily; Sigismund Hannay might have deceived them; he might have shammed mad. Or—though this was an unlikely theory—Sigismund Hannay, incarcerated as Hoffmann, might be really mad. Or, Hoffmann might not be Hannay at all. Alas! a very possible solution.

But then, the nickname, 'the Winker.' Why did Hannay or Hoffmann wink continually the first day, or rather evening, of his arrival at Shelby House? If insane and Hoffmann, because he was under great excitement at his incarceration. If sane and Hannay, because he was excited at the thought of pursuit, or feared the other inmates—a very natural fear.

Why did the winking pass off? In either case, because the excitement had ceased. Why did it suddenly return on the loss of the locket? Because again there was cause for excitement. Did 'the Winker,' Hannay or Hoffmann, as the case might be, wink with his right eye, his left eye, or both? Only to be determined by seeing him wink.

It would not do to arouse Stewart's suspicions by more questions. If he droops his right eyelid, he is probably, or rather possibly, Hannay; if the left, or both, certainly not. How to ascertain?

Only by seeing him.

How to see him?

Only by entering Shelby House. I cogitated. If I attempted an entrance by stratagem or ruse, and were detected as an impostor the first time, there could be no second attempt.

Weighing all these things in my mind, hurriedly I am afraid, for the fear was ever before me that, even were my theory right that Hoffmann was Sigismund Hannay, hidden in Shelby House by some artful conspiracy, yet I might not be first in the field. Stewart might see the advertisement, and might guess, as I had done, that Hannay was the supposed lunatic.

Time then pressed. Stewart might at any time give information and forestall me; that he had suspicions of foul play of some sort I was certain. I must act at once. I went into Inspector Robert's office, I saw him, alone. I asked for a week's leave—I, who had never taken a day, save when on two occasions off duty on account of health.

'Your application can go in,' said he.

I demurred. I wanted it then, that moment.

'Is it a family bereavement?'

'No, not a bereavement.'

'Quite impossible, then; against all rules.'

'Inspector, I may lose my sweetheart if you don't give it me,' said I.

'Speak plainly, my man; if I can strain a point I will, but speak plainly.'

I did not hesitate. I told him of old Day's bargain with me, and—here my voice sank to a whisper—'I think I have a clue to him,' I said, and I pointed to the bill offering 500*l.* for Hannay, which was fastened with others by tin tacks to the wall behind the inspector.

'Sergeant Dryland,' said the inspector, 'this is no matter for trifling. Are you quite serious?'

I assured him of my seriousness.

'You are a young and comparatively inexperienced officer,' said the inspector; 'I will associate someone with you——' He stretched his hand towards the bell.

'Inspector Robertal' I said with a gasp, 'I should lose the reward—and I honestly believe I can put my hand on Sigismund Hannay in forty-eight hours.'

The inspector paused. 'It's a great responsibility, Sergeant Dryland,' said he, 'a great responsibility. I'm an inspector of police, but I feel for you—don't disappoint me,' he said. As he spoke he raised the lid of his desk, and without a word he placed in my hands a pair of light steel handcuffs.

'On my own responsibility,' he said, 'I give you sixty hours' leave, Sergeant Dryland. Don't, don't disappoint me.' I thanked him, and putting the handcuffs in my pocket, left his office.

As I walked down the stairs I felt that the inspector had trusted me, and that I must not abuse his confidence. Unless I succeeded in clapping those neat handcuffs of his on Sigismund Hannay, I never could hold up my head again. The die was cast, and I had staked my all upon the throw.

I reconnoitred Shelby House; it was in Chelsea—a high wall—nothing remarkable—a big, old-fashioned house; on the door was a very small plate, Mr. Blank, the proprietor's name. Another smaller door at the side of the house with a bell-handle and the old-fashioned bell in an iron cage, as was once common in big suburban houses; on this door was written in staring white letters, 'Servants' entrance.' In the door was a small grating with an inner shutter. I rang the bell; the shutter opened; I saw the face of an old man. 'Can I see Mr. Stewart, an attendant here?'

'What's your business?'

'Merely a friendly call; name of Dryland, please.'

'I'll see.'

The shutter closed with a snap. I waited patiently five minutes, ten minutes; as I raised my hand, my patience being exhausted, to ring the bell a second time, the door noiselessly and suddenly opened, and Stewart, bareheaded, stood before me.

'Nothing wrong, I hope,' said he, holding the handle of the door in his hand; 'nothing wrong, I hope?'

'No, nothing with them at Hoxton—nothing. Can you give me a few minutes?'

'Step inside,' said he. 'I can't leave the house; I'm on duty.'

Nothing could have happened more opportunely if I had planned it; Stewart had evidently no suspicion of me.

'Take a seat,' said he, pointing to a bench just inside the door. We were in a small flagged courtyard, half of which was covered with a roof of corrugated iron; three sides a dead wall evidently the back of Shelby House, two windows only on the ground floor. These were heavily barred as is usual with the basement windows of large houses; they were evidently the kitchens. The smell of cooking came from the half-opened windows; the bustle of active work, and the clatter of crockery could be heard.

'Busy place,' said I.

'Boarders' dinner,' said he.

'You feed them well,' said I, as a most appetising display was carefully arranged on a small tray by a kitchen-maid. Plated entree dish, two vegetables, roll and butter, and a pint bottle of claret.

'Winker's lunch,' he said. 'I must take it up. Wait for me.'

I nodded, and composed myself comfortably on the bench. Just as Stewart was about to enter the kitchen door, a surly-looking young man, with the appearance of a gentleman's servant, and carrying a carpet bag, entered the courtyard, followed by an old man in a striped jacket—the old man who had asked my business at the grating in the door; he was about to open another door; he held a bunch of keys—doubtless the hall-porter.

'Going, Randall?' said Stewart, turning to the surly-looking young man.

'Yes, Mr. Stewart, I'm off, and glad of it.'

'Better luck next time, Randall,' said Stewart, hurrying in; 'good-bye.'

They nodded, and the surly-looking young man and his carpet-bag disappeared into the street.

The porter looked at his watch and gave a yawn, then he sniffed the balmy odors of the kitchen, sat down by me and gave a sigh. 'Friend of Stewart's?' said he.

I nodded.

'In our line?' he added, looking me over.

'No such luck,' I replied; they didn't feed us in my late business.'

'What was that?' said he carelessly.

'Police,' said I.

'Left it long?' said he.

'This very morning; an hour ago.'

'Um,' grunted the porter, stretching his legs; 'he was in it—Randall was, before he came to us.'

'What! the young chap just gone on?'

'Yes, bad-tempered chap; couldn't keep his temper with the boarders—sack,' he said, laconically.

'What's the screw?' said I.

'Varies,' said he. 'A pound to beginners, and found three square meals a day; but we only recruit steady men.'

'I suppose so,' said I.

Here we subsided into meditation. How was I to see the man Hoffmann? I was as far from my goal as ever. Hoffmann, alias 'the Winker,' might be really a lunatic; or he might not be Hannay. A sight of him would be enough for me; but how to get a sight of him? Why had I told the porter that I had left the police that morning? Because I hoped to replace Randall, if only for a few hours, and so to see, if but for an instant, the man called Hoffmann. Doubtless if I suggested my being engaged at Shelby houses they would be suspicious; the suggestion must come from them From the porter—why not? or from Stewart? This had been my course of reasoning; there was no other way of getting a sight of Hoffmann. If he were Hannay he would not stir out of Shelby House; if he were a lunatic he could not stir out; in any case, to see him one must get inside—this seemed the only way of getting inside.

But I was not aware of one thing; the rules imposed upon the keepers of licensed houses, as the proprietors of lunatic asylums are termed, are very strict. No keeper or attendant can be employed without a license from the Commissioners of Lunacy. I was unprovided with such a license; to obtain it I must really leave the police force, get a reference from my superiors, lose my chances of promotion and pension, and, perhaps—nay, probably, after all these arrangements, find out that Hoffmann was not Hannay at all.

Stewart returned; he drew a pipe from his pocket. 'I've got just a quarter of an hour off, Dryland, he said, as he carefully filled and lighted it. 'You look dull, my man. What is it?'

I told him the tale I had told the porter. I clothed my naked lie in the details of probability; to my great relief he believed me; he did more, he sympathised with me.

'So you left rather than be put upon,' said he. 'I'd have done the same.'

'You wouldn't have liked to have seen a younger man put over your head, would you?' said I, with, as I trusted, the air of a deeply-injured man.

'No! I shouldn't, you showed a proper spirit;' here he began to smoke reflectively. The porter, who, though hungry, was a sympathiser to, here broke in, 'What are you going to do?'

'I haven't an idea,' I said.

'How about references?' said Stewart.

'Oh, they are right. I resigned; I wasn't dismissed.'

'Would you like our line?' said Stewart.

'I shouldn't mind,' said I.

'Stay where you are,' said he, rising hurriedly; 'I think I have a billet you might drop into at once.'

'Here?' said I.

'Yes, here.'

He left us; after a few moments a bell rang, the porter, with a nod and a smile to me, went indoors—evidently the servants' dinner bell. Things were looking up; I should be engaged, I should be surely engaged, Stewart would speak for me, and I should see—see whom?—well, perhaps, Sigismund Hannay? But arrest him—if it were he—that was another matter; let me but see him, I asked for no more.

Stewart returned. 'Step this way,' said he. I went through a series of well-appointed offices, then into what was the front hall; there were no bolts or bars, everything was solid, very good; an old house, a fine old house, a big wide wooden staircase at the end of the hall, at the foot of the staircase was a green baize door. Stewart tapped gently—'Come in!'—we entered.

Stewart saluted. 'This is James Dryland, sir.'

A dark little man, dressed in shining black, looked at me with a furtive glance—it was a criminal look—there was no mistaking it; he dropped his eyelids with a sigh, and he never looked me straight in the face again.

'You wish to serve here?' he said softly.

'I should be glad to, sir.'

'You are aware of the duties? You can keep your temper under provocation—even extreme provocation?'

'Yes, sir.'

'That will do. He will have to attend the Commissioners' Office. When he has got the necessary papers he can come, say in three days. Explain it to him, Stewart. That will do.'

'Is that all, sir?'

'That is all.' The furtive eye dropped on the big account-book open before him, the white hand followed the columns of figures, he had ceased to be aware of our existence. We left the room. Stewart congratulated me, and while he explained to me the steps I must take, the hope of getting a look at the man, Hoffmann, died within me. How could I resign on the chance of his being Hannay?

'Look round in the evening, at nine, and we can take a glass,' said Stewart, and I'll tell you all about it, and put you up to the ropes.'

I thanked Stewart effusively, and promising to call for him at nine, took my leave. I dined at a coffee-house, I sat and thought it over. Yes, I was as far off as ever; if I was ever to see the man, I must see him, must arrest him in fifty hours; ten hours were gone. This thought came vividly to my mind as I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief and touched the inspector's superior pair of special handcuffs. How many guilty wrists had they not grasped? Were they ever destined to be grasped over those of Sigismund Hannay? My spirits sank; I felt that on handing back those nasty handcuffs, unused, to my inspector, the next step would be to go into the sergeants' room and write my resignation. I took an aimless walk. Five minutes to nine. I walked again round Shelby House—a large place, windows mostly lighted up, patients retiring for the night, as I knew. Nine. I let a minute or two elapse, then I rang the bell, and was admitted by the porter; he stretched out his hand in a friendly way.

'I hear you are to be one of us,' said he.

'I fancy so,' I replied.

Stewart, ready for walking, entered the courtyard; several men of respectable appearance accompanied him.

'We're all free till eleven, Dryland,' said Stewart, introducing them to me by a wave of the hand. 'New attendant,' said he; 'late of the police.'

I drew myself up. They all shook hands with me, and all seemed friendly. No chance to see him to-night, evidently. The porter advanced to let us out—when suddenly a shout broke from the interior of the building—'FIRE!'

We looked at each other. The kitchen-door was flung open, one of the kitchen-maids, pale as ashes, rushed out, into our midst, as we stood in the little courtyard. 'Fire!' she shrieked. 'Fire! in the ground floor corridor!'

There was no hesitation; each man pushed rapidly through the kitchen door, Stewart among the rest. 'Come on,' he said, 'you can be of use here.'

The place was old and full of wood; there were no hydrants, there was no water. I smelt the smoke already, as I followed close at Stewart's heels. We ran all together in a body to a door; Stewart opened it—a long passage half full of smoke, not a soul visible; shrieks and shouts were heard; 'This way! this way!' We passed through an open door into a bare gravelled yard; there stood a young man, his face very pale, his hands terribly burnt, his hair, whiskers, and eyebrows singed.

'They are all safe—all safe I think, but we can't count them, they will move about, it is impossible,' said the young man. This was the doctor; he was not excited, far from it, his wits were about him. Here my police education came to my aid; my practised eye ran quickly over the half-dressed patients.

'There are forty eight, sir,' I said.

'Who are you, man?' said the doctor, apparently alarmed.

'New attendant engaged this morning, sir—joins in a day or two,' chimed in Stewart; 'ex-policeman.'

'Are you sure, man,' said the doctor, 'only forty-eight?'

'Only forty-eight, sir.'

'Men,' said he, to the attendants, 'do you miss anyone?'

They all ran their eyes over the confused mob.

'Mr. Hoffmann is not here, sir,' said Stewart.

'Heavens! it's true,' cried the doctor.

Stewart turned pale. 'He's my case, sir,' he groaned, 'and if he's lost I'm a ruined man.'

'Come on, Dryland,' he said to me, and, following him, I re-entered the house.

A huge alarm bell now began to ring, the flames which had got well hold of the building began to light up the sky. I saw that as we rushed into the house again.

'This way,' muttered Stewart. We flew up the staircase; at the top of it we met the proprietor. 'Are they all out?' he screamed.

'All but Mr. Hoffmann, sir.'

'Great heavens!' he cried, but he made no attempt to move. The firing of his premises had evidently unnerved him; he covered his face with his hands. On ran Stewart; he stopped at a closed door at the end of a long passage, 14 was painted in small white figures on it; there was a circular piece of brass in the middle of the door, but the door was locked. Stewart felt in his pockets for the key.

'I must go back for it,' he said. 'Come.'

'I will stay here,' I said.

Stewart did not reply; he ran hurriedly off by the way he came.

I examined the door, hoping to force it. No, it was too strong. I raised the small round piece of brass; a circular peephole, glazed, came to my view. I could see into the room; the chamber candle was lighted, a man with his back to me lay upon the bed, a novel was on the coverlet, he had fallen asleep reading; the candle placed on a chair illuminated his curly chestnut hair. But I could not see his face. His was the end room of the corridor. A window with light sash was at this end, on either side closed doors; at the other end the staircase. I hammered furiously on the door. 'Fire!' I cried, 'Fire!' I kicked, I battered at it. I turned from the other side of the passage at it; it was too strong for me. I looked in once more; the man was awake, he turned to me, it was the face as I verily believed of Sigismund Hannay. 'Fire! Fire!' I shouted, my eye still at the peephole; the handsome face turned pale. The right eye began to blink. 'The Winker,' alias Sigismund Hannay was before me, there was no doubt. I rushed to the head of the staircase it was in flames—in flames. Everything had turned pink. This was why Stewart did not return; there was no other exit.

Stay, the window at the end of the passage! I rushed to it, I broke a pane; the

sash was steel; the apparently light window was a grating of the strongest kind.

'Have you nothing to try and break the door with, Mr. Hoffmann?' cried I; he was already dressed.

'Himmel!' he cried, 'I have nothing to try with.' He spoke with a slight German accent.

We should be burnt alive together, I and my prey, the prey I was cheated of, only to die slowly by fire. I heard a cheer; something struck the window. A moment after, a form was on the sill, then a second—two firemen—one plied an axe, the other a crowbar, they worked rapidly and scientifically. Crash! The steel window frame fell inwards, the two men sprang in.

'In here,' I cried; 'he's in here.'

'What, one of the madmen?'

'Yes, the last one.'

'Is he very bad? Is there much danger in him?' repeated the man—the brave man, who was ready at a moment's notice to risk his life amid fire and flame and falling walls for a paltry stipend.

'Get the door open and I'll secure him,' said I.

A few strokes on the door-jamb with his sharp axe, and the long crowbar of the second man is inserted; the door yields, it opens. Hoffmann rushed into my arms, the men stood back, in an instant I had the handcuffs on him.

'What does this violence mean?' he hissed, winking furiously his right eye in nervous trepidation.

'They are afraid of you, that's all, sir. I told them there was no need.'

'Be smart. Be smart!' cried the fireman nearest me. I helped Hoffmann to the window. The crowd below, on seeing us, cheered loudly. 'Go first,' said the fireman. I knew the escapes, I stepped lightly into the canvas slide; in an instant I was in the street, a hundred eager hands were stretched to grasp mine. In another instant Hoffmann, handcuffed, slid down the canvas trough, and was beside me. The crowd stood back.

'One of the lunatics, see his handcuffs—he's dangerous—stand back!' I hustled the bewildered Hoffmann through the crowd. A hansom stood at a near corner. We got in; Hoffmann, more dead than alive, sank into the corner of the cab. I whispered to the cabman where to drive, and took my place by the shuddering Hoffmann.

'Where are we going?' said he.

'To another asylum,' said I.

'Take these things off,' said he.

'I can't just yet,' said I.

'Can't! What do you mean?'

I placed one hand on his shoulder, the other on his fettered wrists, and I whispered in his ear, 'Sigismund Hannay, I arrest you for felony—take it coolly, sir.'

'Himmel!' he muttered—not a word more.

We got to Scotland Yard. I took him into the office of the Inspector on duty; it was Inspector Roberts. I charged him. He acknowledged it all. As he did so his right eye never left off its winking; Sigismund Hannay and 'the Winker' were one.

Stewart never forgave me. We never found out how Hannay had squared the proprietor of the asylum—it was all hushed up. The proprietor was burnt to death in the blazing staircase of Shelby House. Poor fellow, he lost his head in his ruin, for the property was uninsured.

Sigismund Hannay pleaded guilty; he got fourteen years—most of the bonds were got back. I had a good bit out of it, one way and the other.

Yes, these are the identical handcuffs; Inspector Roberts gave me them as a keepsake.

JAPANESE HOMES.

A JAPANESE house has no foundation, except some large stones on which the stout posts supporting the heavy, roof rest, and no chimney, the smoke escaping through outlets of various shapes, sometimes at the ends of the main roof, sometimes at the end of a smaller roof projecting at right angles to the main one.

Japanese houses consist often of only one story, and very seldom of more than two. They do not, of course, resemble one another exactly; but it may be said of them generally, that they have no windows in our sense of the word, and sometimes no regular doors; but that they are always provided with a veranda before the lower story, and, when they have a second story, with a balcony.

The front of the house, if one may say so, is generally at the back, no attempt being made to present an imposing appearance to the street; and while the roofs, thatched or tiled, are made strong and heavy, the walls are intentionally made light and weak.

The outer walls of an American house are always intended to be fixtures, and so far durable that when once put up they cannot be pulled down without sending for workmen; but among the Japanese two or more of the sides are not permanent walls, but are closed with sliding screens, which can be set up and taken down at the pleasure of the inmates. On a hot day, or when thorough ventilation is required, the whole side of a room can be opened to the outer air.

Of course, people who are not particular about having a permanent wall between their rooms and the outside world, do not care to have immovable partitions between one part of the house and another. Although in America rooms are occasionally parted from one another by a curtain or by folding doors, yet, as a general rule, they are separated by walls, which, however dimsy their construction may be, are fixtures, and cannot be taken away and replaced at will. But in Japan one room is commonly parted from the next merely by a screen—a framework of wood covered with paper, which runs in a shallow groove on the ceiling, a plan which gives the inhabitants the power of adding to or decreasing the number of their apartments at their pleasure.

The most common accident is by fire, to which the inflammable Japanese houses fall an easy prey, and by which large parts of the town are continually being burnt down.

On the approach of a conflagration, the prudent Japanese, as far as possible, pulls his house down, and takes away not only its contents but large parts of itself to the "go-down," which is a building thickly coated with fire-proof clay, very strong and substantial, but very seldom used as a home.

The floors of Japanese rooms are invariably carpeted with rush mats of very careful construction, some two or three inches thick, and about six feet long by three broad.

As these mats are all of one pattern, the size of a room can be determined by the number of mats it contains, and it is described as a six-mat or twelve-mat room, as the case may be.

Since the commonest rooms are either of six or of eight mats, and since an eight-mat room is only about twelve feet by twelve in extent, it will be seen that the rooms of a Japanese house, like the Japanese house itself, are generally small; but it must be remembered, in the first place, that the Japanese themselves are a smaller people than their foreign visitors, and, in the second, that an unfurnished room always looks much larger than one encumbered with furniture.

Now the Japanese room is invariably, according to our notions nearly unfurnished.

An American would consider it a very bare chamber which did not provide him with a single chair to sit down on; but the Japanese does not want even a single chair, for the simple reason that he never sits down, as we understand it, but prefers to rest upon his knees with his feet tucked under him, thus reposing comfortably upon the floor in an attitude which few Americans could endure without agony for five minutes, and which, perhaps, could never be acquired by people accustomed to live, as we do, in boots.

To come into a Japanese house with boots on, as ignorant and uncivil visitors often do, is a worse breach of good manners than to enter a house with a hat on.

It is pointed out that the Japanese way of sitting has the advantage of keeping the feet warm; and this is an object which the Japanese, though they are a far from chilly people, must often find highly desirable, for Japan has a cold winter, against which the paper walls are but a poor protection, especially as they do not, of course, contain fireplaces.

The Japanese fireplace is generally a portable brazier, made of bronze, porcelain, or wood, lined with clay, in which not coal, but charcoal ashes are burned.

Sometime, however, there is a clay-lined hole in the floor, containing a fire of the same kind.

People who do not sit on chairs, of course require no tables; and in the absence of tables and chairs it is not wonderful that the Japanese house, to our ideas, lacks comfort.

Perhaps, however, even a dining room without a table seems less dreary than a bed-room without a bed; yet bedsteads, at all events, are not essential to sleep, and the Japanese do without them.

They sleep contendedly upon the mats under coverings of wadded shawls, and with their heads supported by little wooden pillows.

In the morning the bed clothes are taken away and packed up in a cupboard, and there remain no signs to show that one part of the house is meant for a sleeping-chamber more than another, for washing-stands and baths are not kept, as with us, in the sleeping rooms.

A washhand-stand, consisting generally of a wooden bucket and scoop, is always placed in the verandah, for a Japanese does not insist on privacy at his ablutions.

Ablutions are too common in his country to attract much attention, for every Japanese takes at least one bath a day, either at the public baths, which are to be found in all towns, or in the private bath which is attached to almost every house.

This bath is a large tub, with an apparatus for heating it attached, for the Japanese bath by preference is warm, or what we should call disagreeably hot, water.

Light is admitted into Japanese rooms, not by glass windows, but by a kind of wooden gratings, over which a white paper is pasted on the outside. This paper diffuses the sunlight about the room very pleasantly, but it is not proof against rain; in rainy weather, therefore, the shutters have to be put up which are used to close the veranda and house in the night time, and which are the only doors in a Japanese house that it is thought necessary to furnish with a bolt. As the putting up and taking down of these shutters is a matter demanding some time, it is usual to have a small door made in them, which is called the "earthquake door," to provide means of quick escape in case of emergency.

Besides its human lumates, a Japanese house is usually tenanted by an unpleasantly large number of rats, and sometimes by more agreeable companions in the shape of swallows.

The love of the Japanese for flowers shows itself outside the house as well as in. Lilies are sometimes grown on the ridge of a thatched roof, which is made flat for the purpose; and, even in the midst of large cities, every house which possesses enough land to grow a flower has a garden. The hideous dingy little back-yards of our cities are, happily unknown in Japan. The Japanese garden is generally of a more artificial character than ours. There are miniature lakes, with tiny bridges across them and gold-fish swimming in them, rockeries, stone lanterns in which candles can be placed, and mounds intended to represent hills, which, in large gardens, are sometimes thirty or forty feet high.

CARE OF UMBRELLAS.—Umbrellas are articles which generally suffer more from careless treatment than from legitimate wear and tear; and an umbrella when properly treated will last twice as long as one that is not so used.

When wet, an umbrella should neither be distended to dry, and prevent its ever afterwards folding up neatly, nor at once rolled and tied up, which would tend to rust the frame and rot the textile fabric; neither should it, if of silk, be carelessly thrust into an umbrella-stand, nor allowed to rest against a wall, which would probably discolor and certainly crease the silk injuriously.

It should be shut, but not tied up, and hung from the handle, with the point downwards, till it is nearly but not quite dry. It should then be neatly and carefully rolled up and tied. In walking with an umbrella, the hands should be confined to the handle, and not allowed to grasp the silk; otherwise that portion which is held will become greased and discolored, and the material will be frayed out round the tips, which are points where there is always much stress, and where it will always have a tendency to give way.

When not in use, the umbrella should be protected from dust and injury of any kind by its silk or oil cloth case. When dirty, alpaca umbrellas are best cleaned with a clothes' brush; but brushing is useless for those of silk.

Ordinary dirt may be removed from a silk umbrella by means of a clean sponge and cold water, or if the soil should be so tenacious that this will not remove it, a piece of linen rag, dipped in spirits of wine or unsweetened gin, will generally effect the desired end. Grease spots should be removed by laying a piece of clean blotting-paper above and below the silk, and passing a hot iron over it.

THE PIPE OF PEACE.—Among the North American Indians all great questions of peace and war were settled by a solemn ceremony connected with the calumet, or medicine pipe. This pipe was borne by an honored individual who, during his term of office, was not less sacred than the pipe he carried. His seat was always on the right side of the lodge, and no one was allowed to interpose between him and the fire. His food, cut for him by his wives, was placed in his official food bowl reserved for his especial use.

The calumet was hung outside the lodge in a large and richly embroidered bag. Its uncovering was a matter of great ceremony. The bearer, after stripping off his garments, poured upon a live coal some fragrant gum, charging the air with incense. Then filling the bowl of the pipe with tobacco, he blew the smoke to the four points of the compass, to the earth, and to the sky, uttering with each breath a prayer to the Great Spirit for victory over enemies and for supplies of bison and corn. The pipe was then restored to its bag with much ceremony and in the deepest silence. No woman was permitted to see the pipe under any circumstances whatever.

The "red pipe," as it was called, was made of red pipe-stone rock, and fringed with the quills of an eagle. It was the object of much veneration and the subject of numerous traditions.

REGRETS.—The regrets caused by our own folly or incapacity are among the most painful to endure. A girl by some act of waywardness has lost her lover; a man by his careless conduct has missed a post that might have led to fame and fortune. A word, a look, an unjust suspicion has broken hearts before now; and if any a person, owing to a fatal error in youth, has walked ever afterwards in the valley of humiliation. There is no comfort in feeling you will act more wisely another time, for that other time never comes. You have no more powder in your flask, no more arrows in your quiver; and now you are left to bear as best you may the consciousness of defeat.

TIDY WOMEN.—No point in the warfare against disease, writes Dr. Richardson, is so important as that of getting the women of the household to work heart and soul after good health in the household. We always look to women for the cleanliness and tidiness of home.

We say a home is miserable if a good wife and mother be not at the head of it to direct the internal arrangements. A slovenly woman is a mark for discredit; but there can be no doubt that the excellences of tidy women in respect of order and cleanliness have, without any distinct system or mode of scientific education, saved us from severe and fatal outbreaks of disease.

NEARLY all foreign navies are using electric lighting devices of American origin; and no vessels, so far as known, have yet been provided with installations superior to those equipped by the United States Government, either in perfection of design or quality of workmanship.

IN diving to the bottom of pleasure we bring up more gravel than pearls.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Bishop Crowther, of Africa, who is at present in London, has had a remarkable history. When a lad on the Benue River, he was torn from his mother's side by slavers, and, after months of misery on the coast, was shipped in a slave ship for America. One of the most romantic incidents of his life was when, a quarter of a century after his capture, an old woman rushed from a crowd of natives to whom he was preaching, threw her arms around his neck, and he found she was his mother.

A quintuple wedding took place a day or two ago at a little church in Daviess County, Ky. All the parties were friends, two of them being sisters. They had intended getting married on dates near together, and, the priest hearing this, suggested that they all be united at one time. The five brides, all dressed alike, went in one carriage and the five grooms in another. There were ushers, but no bridesmaids. All took their stations before the altar, and after an unusually long and impressive ceremony had been gone through with nuptial high mass was celebrated and the kneeling couples blessed. A grand reception was then given the young couples, and afterwards they went to their respective homes. A dispatch says that the wedding is without a parallel in the history of Louisville.

Lord Wolseley informed his hearers the other day at a lecture that he went to Canada rather expecting to meet the Red Man whose acquaintance he had made in the pages of Fenimore Cooper. One morning he was informed that a nobleman of the West had arrived. With his mind full of the conventional picture of the high-souled, noble-minded red man, he went out and found a gentleman clothed in an out-of-date dress suit and waistcoat, who having had a great deal to do with the Hudson Bay traders knew a fair smattering of French and of English. He talked incessantly for upwards of an hour, and at the expiration of that time our only General became bored. Feeling in his pocket for a coin, he produced a quarter, and with some fear that he was grossly insulting his guest offered it to him. The noble Indian looked at it carefully, felt the edge, and said, "Can you make it half a dollar.

Says a special from St. Louis: "There is one newsboy of this city who has been made happy. He is Richard Eagan and is 15 years old. He was lost from East St. Louis when he was two years old. He has no recollection of his parents, his mother having died when he was a baby. He has been in St. Louis as far back as his memory goes. His first recollection is of being with the Sisters of St. Joseph's, on Cass avenue, where he got a good schooling. Recently he left there and began selling papers. Last Sunday his picture was published, with 15 other newsboys, in a local paper. The picture was recognized by his uncle, Peter Matthews of Belleville, Ill., who came here recently and took him home. He has an estate of $3,000 coming to him. He is a bright boy and has for the last six months sold papers to his elder brother, who is a clerk in a St. Louis store, but who did not recognize him."

The very latest fad which has travelled about the country in the wake of a celebrated English Egyptologist has struck Boston with full force. As explained by the papers there, this is the adoption, by ladies of fashion, of Egyptian costumes at their afternoon teas. "These costumes are modelled after the manner of the times of the Pharaohs. One of them, worn by a beautiful brunette, is described as soft, brown silk, with long, flowing sleeves, and yoke embroidered in silver. The petticoat is of striped Syrian silk, in rose color and silver, with a wide sash of the same colors. The seamings of the outer gown show linings of Egyptian red. Over the shoulders hangs a brown gauze veil, embroidered in silver. Slippers in rose velvet, embroidered in silver and seed pearls, flesh-colored stockings, a brow pendant of gold, and an antique necklace of cornelian and silver, complete the costume. These gowns will no doubt be all the rage before the season is over."

The Emperor of Russia, when upon a provincial tour of inspection, passed a night in the simple hut of a toll-taker. Before retiring, he was pleased as head of the Church, to see the old man take up his Bible, and read a chapter. "Dost thou read often, my son?" "During the past year, the Old Testament and part of Matthew, your Majesty." Thinking to reward him, the Czar, on the following morning, placed five hundred roubles between the book of Mark, without the knowledge of the toll-keeper, to whom he bade farewell. Several months passed away, and the Emperor returned, upon a second tour, to the toll-keeper's hut. Taking the Bible in his hands, he was surprised to find the five hundred roubles intact. Again interrogating the toll-keeper as to whether he was diligent in reading, he received an affirmative answer, the man stating that he had finished the chapters of Luke. "Lying, my son, is a great sin," replied his Majesty. "Give me the Bible." Opening the book, he pointed to the money, which the man had not seen. "Thou hast not sought the kingdom of God, my son. As punishment, thou shalt also lose thy earthly reward." And the Emperor placed the roubles in his pocket, to distribute afterward among the neighboring poor.

HE who desires to be grateful, is so

Our Young Folks.

ABOUT MONKEYS.

BY SHEILA.

"MONKEYS!" observed Alan thoughtfully. "I think, Lilian, monkeys ought to be amusing; is it?"

"'Is monkeys amusing?' My dear boy, I compliment you on your grammar, and am very happy to be able to tell you that, in my humble opinion, monkeys is decidedly amusing."

"Don't tease a man when he's down: that's not fair play," cried Alan, laughing. "You know very well what I meant. Is your lecture amusing this time?"

"I think I shall say to you what our old Scottish nurse used to say to us when we asked questions she did not think fit to answer: 'Ye'll get aulder an' bouider, an' then ye'll know;'" and Lilian smiled, and passed her hands over her brother's curly locks.

"I guess you used to tease her, didn't you, Lil?"

"The conversation is getting personal, so I think we had better return to our monkeys," was Lilian's answer.

"Very well; but I do just want to ask one question. What is the difference between an ape, a monkey, and a baboon? 'Tisn't a riddle," added Alan, explaining.

"They all belong to the monkey tribe," replied Lilian; "but a baboon is a monkey with a short tail, and an ape is a monkey with no tail at all.

"The negroes say that monkeys can talk if they like, but they never do so because they are afraid that the white men would make them work.

"Whether monkeys talk or not, they certainly do chatter; but I fear they would never make satisfactory workmen: they are such meddlesome mischievous creatures.

"Mrs. Lee, in her 'Anecdotes of Animals,' makes one laugh over the pranks of a monkey named Jack, who belonged to the cook of the vessel in which she was returning to England.

"There were several other monkeys on board, but none so large or so full of tricks as Master Jack, who seemed to have a regular system, which he practised every day.

"He used to begin in the early morning by upsetting the parrot's cage, and grabbing if he could the lump of sugar that rolled out.

"Poll, of course, was extremely angry at this impertinence, and said so; and when Jack was tired of teasing her he would go down into the forecastle, and slyly pull off the nightcaps of the sailors asleep in their hammocks.

"This happened some years ago, you must understand, when it was the fashion to wear nightcaps.

"Any small articles, such as knives or tools, that his sharp eyes caught sight of, Jack always pounced on, and threw overboard if he could.

"The next trick on his list was to go and help the cook with the breakfast. This was great fun; and it consisted in hooking out the pieces of biscuit toasting between the bars when his master's back was turned, and eating them himself.

"For these or other bad deeds Jack was sometimes punished by being shut up in an empty hen-coop: a thing he disliked with all his heart.

"When the pigs were turned out for a run on deck he used to ride them, with his face to the tail; and a very amusing spectacle it was.

"But Jack's crowning trick was to paint a little black monkey white with some paint the sailors had left on deck while they went to dinner; and he evidently thought he deserved punishment for this, for he stayed up among the rigging three days.

"Another monkey Mrs. Lee tells us about was extremely jealous of a kitten that belonged to his mistress, and very angry with it because it scratched him.

"The cruel monkey revenged himself by popping poor puss into the soup that was boiling on the fire, and as he put the saucepan-lid on again, cook knew nothing of Kit's tragic fate until dinner-time.

"Lady Barker, when in India, had all sorts of curious experiences with her monkeys; some of them not very pleasant ones.

"Bobby, her first pet, jumped in her lap directly he arrived, stroked her hair, examined her brooch and buckle, rolled up her wide sleeve to the shoulder, and then, while she was wondering what he would do next, gave a yell, and scratched her arm terribly down to the wrist.

"Needless to say, Bobby was sent back to his former owner in double-quick time, particularly as the servant who brought him confessed that he was 'very bad to mem-sahibs (ladies), and did not like them at all.'

"A charming pet to have, was he not?

"Then there was Joey, who distinguished himself in a way more distressing to himself than to other people; for he tried to swallow a large signet-ring, and got it wedged in his throat.

"Lady Barker managed to pull it out, but only just in time, for Joey nearly suffocated.

"Before trying to eat the ring, the mischievous creature had stuffed the water-jug full of things.

"In it were sponges, soap, trinkets, pincushion, and candles, while a slipper was sticking out of the top. Joey, by the way, had broken the candlesticks.

"I must tell you a very laughable story of a newly-appointed Governor of Jamaica, whose wife had sent on before her a large cage full of monkeys of different sizes.

"The negroes had never seen such creatures before, and thought they were human beings of an inferior class to themselves.

"A careless servant leaving the cage door open, these remarkable 'human beings' naturally decamped, and took possession of the President's garden.

"However they were all caught, with the exception of a huge baboon, who, when the hue and cry was over, came down from his tree, and proceeded to pay his respects to the President.

"The black hall-porter did not know what to make of this extraordinary visitor, and, much alarmed, he ran up stairs, with the baboon after him.

"'One lilly black gentlemans to see massa,' gasped the porter, opening the breakfast-room door, and then retreating as fast as his legs could carry him.

"In walked the baboon, and began to eat up the President's breakfast, and knock over the cups, and break the dishes, and enjoy himself finely.

"As for the poor old President, who had a wooden leg, he could do nothing; for he began by throwing his leg at the baboon, and then, not being able to move without it, he was obliged to sit down and watch the pranks of his uninvited guest.

"About an hour later someone came in, and found the unfortunate old gentleman speechless with rage, and the baboon making hay of his papers, upsetting ink-bottles, and doing a world of mischief generally.

"It happened once that a gentleman, calling upon a French marquess, perceived sitting in a corner of the room, looking very subdued and unhappy, a queer little man with a large periwig on his head.

"Presently in came the marquess's valet, picked up the little old man, who proved to be a monkey, and carried him out of the room; while the marquess smiled, and said—

"'Adieu, monsieur. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again to-morrow.'

"Then he explained to his visitor that Mr. Monkey was in disgrace for having seized the doctor's wig, and rushed away with it over the roofs of the houses.

"The doctor was so angry about it that even when the thief was caught he refused to take his wig again, and sent home for another; while the valet punished the monkey by making him sit still for an hour every day with the discarded wig on his head.

"The monkey of fabledom is just the same clever, mischievous, merry creature that he is in real life.

"Most of you recollect, no doubt, Bertrand the monkey, who persuades Raton the cat to take out with her paw the chestnuts roasting over the embers.

"As fast as she pulls them out, he eats them; and the servants come and drive the pair away before puss has had one.

"When one person flatters another into doing a dangerous piece of work while he takes the reward, we call it making a cat's-paw of him.

"Another 'fiction' monkey belonged to the exhibitor of a magic-lantern, and felt so sure he knew how to manage it that he thought he would give an entertainment himself in his master's absence.

"Well, the dogs came, and the cats came, and the fowls and the turkeys and the pigs came—quite a large audience.

"The monkey made a speech, pushed in a slide, and began—

"'Here, gentlemen, is the sun; did you ever see anything to equal it? And here is the moon, with her beautiful light.'

"The audience stared and stared, but could see nothing at all; all was dark as night.

"Jacqueau went on chattering and changing the slides; and the dogs and the cats, and the turkeys and the pigs, strained their eyes to see the beautiful pictures he was describing; but all in vain.

"The reason was very simple: Jacqueau had forgotten to light the lantern!"

THE DINGO AT HOME.

AMONG the strange animals produced by Australia—its kangaroos, varying in size from six feet in height when fully erect to that of a diminutive mouse; its pigmy geese, which perch upon the tops of high trees; its gigantic kingfishers; its mewing cat fishes, and its egg-laying platypus and ant eater—the country brings forth another animal which has puzzled naturalists almost as much as any of the foregoing, by reason of its singular association with its companions—the Dingo, or native Australian wolf.

The only four footed creature on that vast continent which does not either carry its immature young in a pouch or rear them from eggs, it seems totally out of place among the strange forms by which it is surrounded.

How did this wolf or 'dog' manage to obtain a footing in Australia? Is it the descendant of domestic dogs accidentally left on shore by early European navigators? Was it brought into the island by the present aborigines; or is it a truly indigenous animal, a genuine member of the fauna from which it differs so essentially?

These are the questions naturalists have been asking themselves ever since the animal became known; and there is no immediate prospect that a direct answer will be found.

The dingo is a distinctly handsome animal, of black color, the tail, which is frequently full and bushy, being always tipped for about three inches with white; while the chest has a white patch about the size of a man's hand.

The weight of a fine dog will reach sixty pounds. The head is rounder and broader than that of the ordinary wolf, and the muzzle relatively shorter.

The female dingo takes much pains to bring up her family in a safe retreat. This is sometimes selected among broken masses of rock upon the side of a hill; but in the vast stretches of heavily timbered country, where no such shelter can be obtained, she must put up with a hollow log. Many of the fallen trees have been blown down by hurricanes, or have died of old age as they stand, when colonies of white ants attack the roots; and trunks having no longer any hold on the earth, necessarily fall.

In process of time the white ants gradually destroy the whole of the inner wood, which crumbles to a powder easily scraped out by an animal. In the pipe thus formed the dingo finds a suitable nesting place.

The young are singularly unlike their parents, of a sooty brown color, and entirely devoid of the white tip to the tail and white chest-mark which come after the change of the juvenile coat. In the far 'back bush' young dingoes may often be seen in the camps of the blacks.

It is a remarkable fact that these perfectly wild dogs take to their human masters and join in their hunting expeditions, and never, if the assertions of the blacks are to be trusted, show any disposition to return to the wild condition—so great is the influence of man over the inferior creation, even when he is represented by such poor specimens of humanity as these Australian savages.

The natural food of the dingo is, of course, any animal he can catch, the smaller kangaroos and bandicoots especially; but he prefers lamb to any other food, as the squatters know only too well, though mutton in any shape is always welcome.

At night, the shepherd's anxiety may be even greater than in the daytime. His hut is close to the sheep-yard—a circular enclosure of stakes driven into the earth, and strongly bound together with rails and interlaced saplings. Suddenly he may be awakened by an ominous sound like distant thunder—the sheep rushing round inside the yard.

Wherever dingoes abound, as they do in all forest country, the utmost watchfulness of the shepherd is needed. In the daytime he must be constantly on the alert to see that the enemy does not suddenly rush in among the flock and cut off a 'point,' that is to say, a party of a dozen or a score, and send the remainder off helter-skelter for a mile before they will stop.

Outside for certain there is a dingo, or perhaps two, galloping round, in the hope of so frightening the sheep that they may break out of the yard, when nothing would prevent them from dispersing in all directions.

For some reason the dingoes seem reluctant to jump into the enclosure, which they could do with the greatest ease.

There is little doubt that, but for the prompt interference of the shepherd, these constant rushes of the sheep—the weight of hundreds pressing against a weak part of the fence—would have the desired effect. A breach once made, the sheep would pour through it into the jaws of their expectant foes.

In every shepherd's possession will be found a small bottle of strychnine. When a sheep dies anywhere, in the yard or out on the run, it is his duty to skin it, hang up the pelt on the fence, or carry it home with him, make several shallow cuts in the body, and with the point of his knife drop into each a grain or so of the deadly poison, for the benefit of the dingoes.

The sheep-dogs are taught never to touch these carcasses; but occasionally they do fall victims to the bait intended for their wild relations. Advantage is taken of a habit of the dingo to compass his destruction thus.

Much to his satisfaction, he finds a nice piece of fresh beef or mutton just enough to be swallowed at one gulp. In the middle of that piece is a grain of strychnine, and within half an hour he is the best of all dingoes—a dead dingo.

The ration-carrier has a canvas bag full of such tempting morsels, which it is hoped will settle accounts with some old offender against the peace of the flock.

A NEW DESCRIPTION OF THE HORSE.—The following essay on the horse was sent in during a recent departmental examination in Bombay: "Horse is a wild animal of four feet. He has a long mouth; and he is always obedient to men; its food is generally grass and grams. He also is useful to take on his back a man or lady, as well as some cargo. Also he is useful to drive the carriages. He has power to run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at nights and always standing awaken. Its appearance is very long. Also there are horses of short size but they are called tatoos, They do the same as the other are generally doing. Probably the Arabian horses are always bigers. That's no animal like a horse. No sooner they see their guardner or master they always crying for food, but it is always at morning time. They have got assorted colors, namely white, red, black, dark, sky, and seems very clear as soon as they are washed by the horse-keeper. They have got tail but not so long as the cow and other anon animals. At the point of their tails there are hairs like a bunch."

FLOWER WORSHIP.—A recent traveller in India gives the following description of flower worship as practiced by the Persians in Bombay. A true Persian, in flowing robe of blue, and on his head a sheepskin hat—black, glossy, curly, the fleece of Kar-Kal—would saunter in, and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and always as if half in vision.

And when the vision was fulfilled, and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat and sit before it until the setting of the sun, and then fold up his mat again and go home. And the next night, and night after night, until that particular flower faded away, he would return o it and bring his friends in ever-increasing troops to it, and sit and play the guitar or lute before it.

And they would all together pray there, and after prayer still sit before it, sipping sherbet and talking until late into the moonlight. Sometimes by way of a grand finale, the whole company would suddenly arise before the flower and serenade it by singing an ode from Hafiz.

GLOVES FROM HUMAN SKIN.—When a man is said to step into a dead man's shoes, that is a figurative way of putting the fact that he has taken another man's place or married another man's wife. This saying is likely to lose its figurative character soon, for a great physician is reported to be the possessor of a pair of slippers made from the human skin. Besides slippers, this same physician has several pairs of gloves made from the same material; indeed the tanning of human skin for this purpose, he says, is extensively carried on in France and Switzerland. The best gloves are made from the skin on the breast and the skin of children. Just as the skin of a kid is superior for gloves to the skin of the goat, so the skin of the child, being softer and more pliable, is superior to the skin of an adult. If all this be true, we are not very far removed from the Red Indian who adorns himself with human scalps. The only difference is we wear the human ornament on our hands; he wears it suspended from his belt.

APART.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

Dear friend, does your heart call out to mine,
As mine calls out to you?
Do you know the message I would send
Out thro' the deep'ning blue?

Do you feel a sense of something lost,
A numbing, bitter pain;
A restless longing for what is not,
And ne'er may be again?

Would it give you joy, dear friend to know
That I cannot forget;
That I mourn you still?—for by my side
Walks that stern one, Regret.

That your spirit haunts me every hour,—
In solitary place
Or in crowded street, wet-eyed, I see
Ever an absent face?

My rebellious heart still calls to yours,
And will not be denied;
O, let me clasp your hand once more,
And I shall be satisfied.

SOME ODD IDEAS.

The Odd Ideas which the over-fanciful minds of philosophers and so called men of science have brought forth, necessarily provoke a smile of mingled wonder and pity, they are at once so grotesque and so futile.

Even the Creation has not been safe from their unprofitable ingenuity. Chevreau, in his "Histoire du Monde," records that some authorities have fixed this event as having taken place in Spring; others are obliging enough to furnish the precise date, namely, Friday, September the 6th, at 4 o'clock, P. M.; while others go in for December the 24.

An Italian scholar of the eighteenth century, one Balardi, informed the Abbe Barthelemy that he was engaged in writing an abridgement of "Universal History," which he intended to preface with a solution of a problem of the highest importance, both for astronomy and history; that is, the determination of the exact point of the heavens in which the Creator placed the sun when the world was being made!

The Talmudists are able to furnish us with exact details of the incidents that marked some of the hours of the day on which Adam was created. Thus, during the first hour, the Creator kneaded the dust from which the First Man was fashioned, and it soon became an embryo. Second hour, Adam was able to stand upon his feet. Fourth hour, God summoned him, and bade him give to the animals the names they were to be known by. Seventh hour, marriage of Adam and Eve, whose hair had been exquisitely curled for the occasion! Tenth hour, Adam sinned. Eleventh hour, he was judged, and banished from Paradise. Twelfth hour, he began to experience the fatigue and pain of labor.

Adam, it is said, when first created stretched from one end of the world to the other; but, after he had sinned, the Creator passed His hand upon him and reduced him to the measurement of one hundred ells.

Others add that this was done at the request of the angels, who were not unnaturally alarmed at his original gigantic proportions.

But the wildest and most fantastic idea is that of the celebrated visionary Antoinette Burignon, who died 1680. She protested that God revealed to her, spiritually, Adam, the first man, whose body was purer and more transparent than crystal, and as light as air; in which and through which could be seen the vessels and channels of light which transpired through every pore—vessels wherein flowed liquids of all kinds and all colors, bright and diaphanous, not only water, and milk, and wine, but fire, air, and other "elemental substances."

His movements were admirably harmonious; everything obeyed him, nothing resisted him, nothing could injure him. He was much taller than any of his present descendants, with hair short and curly, bordering upon black, and wore on the upper lip a slight moustache.

The Temptation and the Fall, as related in the Book of Genesis, are subjects which, as one can well imagine, have proved fruitful in conjectures to the rabbis, the ecclesiastical writers, and the visionaries of all countries and periods.

Thus, some pretend that it was the spectacle of the loving caresses of Adam and Eve in their Paradisiacal innocence which filled the Serpent with a furious jealousy, and that, in order to get rid of Adam, he persuaded Adam's wife to eat of the Forbiduen Fruit.

Others affirm that Eve, misrepresenting the Divine words, and informing the Serpent that God had forbidden her to eat of this tree, or to touch it, the Tempter seized her, and pushed her against it; and that then, on his pointing out to her that she had suffered no harm from the contact, she was persuaded that she would also suffer no harm from eating of it.

Opinions differ as to the form which the Tempter assumed in order to beguile the too credulous Eve One is that Sammael, the Prince of Demons, presented himself mounted on a serpent as big as a camel; another, just as accurate, that the Serpent had borrowed the enticing countenance of a young girl.

We are naturally led on to inquire where was Eden—this Paradise which our First Parents so quickly forfeited?

Among the Hebrew traditions recorded by Saint Jerome, is one to the effect that it was created before the world came into existence, and therefore lay beyond its limits. Moses Bar Cepha places it midway between the earth and the firmament.

Someone conceived] the idea that it was on a mountain which reached nearly to the moon; and some one else that it was situated in the third region of the air, and was higher than all the mountains of the earth by twenty cubits, so that the Deluge was unable to reach it.

The writer of the Book of Genesis having omitted to specify the kind of fruit of which Adam and Eve partook in the Garden, his silence has given rise to a host of odd ideas. Some persons assert that it was an apple; others, citron or pomegranate. The Rabbi Solomon gives it as his opinion that Moses purposely concealed the name of the fruit, "whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe," for fear it would always be regarded with aversion.

A French advocate, Jean le Feron, who flourished in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and had a pretty taste in matters of heraldry, was good enough to lay down Adam's coat of arms. They were simplicity itself—three fig-leaves!

About the middle of the seventeenth century, an audacious attempt was made to rob Adam of the honor of have been the First Man. Those who accepted this theory were called Preadamites.

Holwell, a man of letters, who published, in 1787, his "Dissertation on the Origin and occupation of Intellectual Being," asserts that the rebellious angels have been changed into lions, horses, dogs, and other animals.

In this connection we may mention an Odd Idea entertained among the Christians of the third century, that those who took wives were of all others the most subject to the influence of malignant demons.

Grains of Gold.

The best teachers are love and affliction.

Kindness, like grain, increases by sowing.

Much of a child's earliest moral training is by looks and gestures.

It is often easier to obtain favors from the pride than from the charity of men.

The man is best served who has no occasion to put the hands of others at the end of his arms.

The rich are more envied by those who have little than by those who have nothing.

A man of sense is not ashamed of confessing poverty, but he keeps the marks of it out of sight.

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if they would but furnish the apartments.

Employment is to man what oil is to machinery; it makes the wheels of existence turn smoothly.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

That which is kept in its own place and preserved for its own uses lasts longer and is of far more value while it lasts than that which has no settled abiding-place.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine is a true friend.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information: for error is always more busy than ignorance.

It yields under the stronger power and positive influence of truth. It is the full and active mind, not the empty and indolent one, that most effectually outgrows illusions and casts off error. It is the active mind, not the passive one, that receives most benefit from reading or study.

Femininities.

Mrs. Harrison thinks 25 years the proper age for a bride.

Want of care does more damage than want of knowledge.

There are no greater prudes than women who have some secret to hide.

Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.

Work to day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow.

Queen Victoria recently received a letter asking her to buy real estate in California.

The women of Milton, Oregon, have put in nomination a full set of women for the city election

The reason some people think they are unhappy is because they think others are happier.

An exchange says the best thing to give an enemy is kindness; but that depends on the enemy's size.

When minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim is bound.

Fencing classes for ladies are very popular now, and we don't wonder—ladies are so fond of making thrusts at each other.]

She: "I think cigarette smoking is something vile. What do you smoke mostly in Chicago?" He, of the Lake City: "Hams."

The Wellesley girls are said to want a college cry. Very natural; there is nothing a woman enjoys more than a good cry.

"I loved you once," he said, in a reproachful tone. "Well," she responded, "I don't want the earth Once is enough."

Minnie: "And you say you shed no tears at the play last night? I did. I was so affected," Mamie: "Oh, of course, You always are."

A West Virginia girl has saved money enough to buy herself a gold watch by trapping muskrats, skunks and other animals and selling their hides.

When a woman fancies to herself the husband she would like to have, he is generally different in important respects from the husband that she has already.

Fond mother, addressing infant: "You precious little lump of sweetness! I should just like to eat you up." The next eldest: "I wish you would, ma; I'll help you carve."

Max Maretzek says that opera singers are enormous eaters. Christine Nilsson, says Max, was once so hungry that she ate a sausage he had carried in his pocket since the day before.

Carrie: "I know George loves me and wants me to be his wife." Hattie, her bosom friend: "And how do you know?" Carrie: "Because he has taken such a strong dislike to mamma."

A traveler says that in the Ukraine, Russia, the girl does all the courting. We believe it. We once saw a woman from that country. If there was any courting done, she'd just have to do it.

One merit of Wagner. "How did you like the Wagner operas, Clara?" "I enjoyed them immensely. The person back of you who always hums an opera gets left when it comes to Wagner."

There are on the rolls of the Pension Office at Washington the names of 27 widows of Revolutionary soldiers who are regularly paid pensions. Three of them are 97 years of age and two are 98.

Twenty-five girls in a brass factory at Birmingham, Conn., have struck because, among their grievances, the foreman had the windows painted to keep the girls from flirting with outsiders.

The latest thing in bracelets is a heavy hollow band, in which some scent of extra quality is placed. It exudes very slowly, and the wearer walks in a sweet-smelling atmosphere without putting any of it on her clothing.

Wifely devotion seems to have been carried altogether too far by the Biddeford, Me., woman who, when her lord and master got sent to jail for 30 days, promptly got tipsy for the sake of being sent up after him.

Stays were quite unknown in Russia until Peter the Great danced with some of the Hanoverian ladies on his journey to Pomerania. Quite astounded, the monarch exclaimed to his suite after the ball, "What confounded hard bones these German women have!"

Minnie Kendell, the Ansonville, Ga., miss of 19 who, recently, rescued a little girl from drowning, and after reaching shore, started with the child for the nearest farm house, but fainted on the way, is reported likely to die. The child is not much the worse for the ducking she received.

Mis May Tronne: "Learn his real character, my dear. And let him learn yours, too. Don't put on your best airs and graces when he is around, but simply be your own natural self," Miss Laura: "That's very pretty as a theory, but if you had followed that plan you would be an old maid today."

Of Mrs. Danforth, who died, aged 101, at Manchester-by-the-Sea, it is told that "all through life she used a pound of dark plug chewing tobacco a week. She smoked regularly after each meal, and nearly every night would wake up and smoke a pipe full or two in bed, and then drop off to sleep again."

Very pretty "Red Ridinghood" pen-wipers are made from the wishing bones of fowls, aided by scarlet cloaks and black petticoats. The following lines, pinned to the apron of each, explain the practical use to which it is henceforth intended to be applied:

"Once I was a merrythought
Growing in a hen;
Now I am a little slave,
Made to wipe your pen."

Masculinities.

Fortune does not change men; it unmasks them.

Zeal without judgment is like gunpowder in the hands of a child.

Cloud Rainwater is the name of a student at the University of Virginia.

It is hard to convince a man that he is not an exception to the general rule.

Mr. Ogden Goelet, of New York, has a collection of meerschaum pipes valued at $5000.

Tamagno, the opera singer, receives $3,000 a night, and tips hotel waiters with one cent pieces.

The young man who made his thumb sore turning over new leaves is back in his last year habits again.

A man in Harlem, N. Y., who keeps a diary, books his cigar expenses under the head of "losses by fire."

Never touch a wire tied on a pole. It may not be dangerous, but it is like the unloaded gun, it may kill you.

When a woman loves a man she goes the whole hog, even to the wart on his nose. It isn't this way with man.

Jones: "I've come to you, Robinson, after a little advice." Robinson: "Well, here's some: Never ask for any."

King Humbert of Italy has been obliged to have all his teeth pulled. This misfortune is the outcome of chronic dyspepsia.

Younghusband: "Ah! you bachelors have no real happiness." Bache: "Well, we can at least escape from real misery!"

Woman is a subject never mentioned in Morocco. It would be a terrible breach of etiquette to ask a man after his wife or wives.

It is very strange that among those who set themselves up as great guns the ones of the smallest calibre are the biggest bores.

Perhaps the hardest test a man can give his self-respect is to sit down and read one of his own love-letters when it is five years old.

So it is. Belle: "Do you think it is a sin to dance? Some people think it is." May, indignantly: "Well, so it is for some men!"

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind; the other, that they haven't any business.

A shoe trade journal says that the best time to get fitted to shoes is the latter part of the day. The feet then are at their maximum of size and sensitiveness.

Guilty consciences. Waiter, at the club: "There is a lady outside who says her husband promised to be home early to-night." Ah, rising; "Excuse me a moment."

It is said that nearly all the postal clerks and carriers who become thieves begin by stealing letters addressed to lottery agents, which they know are almost sure to contain money.

Well rated. Father: "Clara, I think the Count will propose to-night." Clara, exalted: "What makes you think so, papa!" Father: "I discovered him in the hotel to-day looking me up in 'Bradstreet's.'"

Suitor: "Perhaps, sir, you don't think I'm good enough to marry your daughter?" Father; "Perhaps I do" "Well, sir, I'd have you know that I've been refused by some of the finest young ladies in the land."

"By thunder, old fellow, what has happened to you that you smile so all the time? What is it so good?" "O, nothing at all, but you see one never knows nowadays but somebody may be photographing him."

Barber, running his hands through customer's hair: "Your head, sir, is quite—" Customer, irritably: "You gave it a shampoo yourself two days ago." Barber, quickly recovering; "It's quite a remarkably well shaped head, sir."

Amesbury, Mass., boasts another "grand old man" beside Whittier, in the person of Albert Gallatin Morton, who was born in 1804, began preaching in 1826, and has occupied his pulpit regularly ever since without in a single instance writing out a sermon.

A young man in California whose friends had ceased to correspond with him, woke up their interest by sending letters to business men in his native place inquiring the price of a tolerably-sized farm. Seven affectionate letter s came from the friends by return of post, and several have come since, including one from an old (and cold) sweetheart.

The latest novelty in the "pocket goods" line is a pocket-knife case. It is made of soft leather or chamois skin and is furnished with a metal snap clasp at one end. It is designed to keep a knife from rusting, and also to keep dust from getting into it. Like the popular English key chain, it is a foreign invention, and is said to have first been used in Vienna, where it is not considered good form to carry a pen-knife loose.

It is said that stammerers rarely, if ever, show any impediment to speech when speaking in whispers. On this fact a new method of treatment has been advocated by Dr. Coen, which is as follows: In the first ten days speaking is prohibited. This will allow rest to the voice, and constitutes the preliminary state of treatment. During the next ten days speaking is permissible in the whispering voice, and in the course of the next fifteen days the ordinary conversational tone may be gradually employed.

Here comes a terrible tale from over the sea about David Davies, who was injured in an explosion in 1861. He was bedridden for four years, recovered sufficiently to be able to go about, but was completely deaf and dumb. His doctor hit upon a novel plan to restore his hearing. He was placed by the side of a big gun during target practice. After the sixth shot his hearing came suddenly back to him, but he remained dumb. The other day one of his companions said something to him that put him in a towering passion, and his speech returned in a flood of profanity.

Recent Book Issues.

There has just been issued in splendid form, grandly printed, with fine binding and illustrated with numerous reproductions of photographs, the "official" history of the most stupendous calamity of modern times, "Through the Johnstown Flood," by an eminent survivor and eye-witness, the Rev. David J. Beale, D. D., for six years a resident pastor of Johnstown, and "Superintendent of Morgues" after the disaster. This book is compiled and written by a resident of Johnstown who has had access to all important official documents, besides being furnished with a number of chapters written by officials in other departments of the work. These officials have made contributions to this book, which have been published nowhere else, and which are essential to the true story of the disaster. It has everything that could tend to make the book a perfect picture of this terrible event. So far as is possible with pen and picture the awful disaster is brought before the mind of the reader exactly as it must have been seen and felt by those who went through it. As memorial or presentation book of the modern Flood nothing could be more beautiful. Published and for sale by Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Mrs. Lamb's article "America's Congress of Historical Scholars" is a great attraction in the February *Magazine of American History*. "Recent Historical Work in the Colleges and Universities of Europe and America," a comprehensive and scholarly survey by President Charles Kendall Adams, LL.D., of Cornell University, is the longest paper in the number. "The Spirit of Historical Research" is philosophically discussed in the next contribution by James Schouler, the well-known author of the History of the United States. "The Fourteenth State," by John L. Heaton, is more dramatic in character from the very nature of the subject, Vermont having figured as a picturesque coquette before slipping its willing head into the harness of Union. Following this George M. Pavey gives interesting data about "Modern State Constitutions." There are also four shorter papers. "Washington's Conception of America's Future," "The Uses of History," "Washingtoniana," and "America's Indebtedness to a Fried Chicken," with poem, "Tarleton's Raid," by Hon. Horatio King. The portrait of the eminent historian, George Bancroft, forms the frontispiece to the issue. It is altogether a notably rich number. Published at 743 Broadway, New York City.

The most notable feature of the February *Popular Science Monthly* is the article on "Comparative Mythology," in Dr. Andrew D. White's series of "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science." "The Localization of Industries" is treated by J. J. Menzies. A searching examination of the single-tax doctrine, under the title "Agriculture and the Single Tax," is contributed by Horace White. There is a second installment of "Letters on the Land Question," by Huxley, Spencer, and others. Professor Chas. D. Jameson contributes a copiously illustrated sketch of the "Evolution of the Modern Railway Bridge." "Chinese Silk-Lore," by a Chinese author, is illustrated by native pictures. Other papers are, "Exercise for Chest Development," by Fernand Lagrange, M. D., "Canadian Asbestus: its Occurence and Uses," by Prof. J. T. Donald; "Chrysanthemums," illustrated with Japanese pictures; "Rainfall on the Plains," by Stuart O. Henry; and "Long Fastings and Starvation," by Chas. Richet. There is a sketch with portrait of James Glaisher, F. R. S., who has made many balloon ascents for the study of meteorology. The editorials are on "Useful Ignorance," "Individualism," and other topics, and the "Correspondence" furnishes much interesting reading. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

DIET THAT GIVES STRENGTH.—Pugilists, pedestrians, and others who perform in public feats requiring great strength and endurance undergo beforehand severe training to develop their powers to the utmost.

The rules laid down by their trainers are very strict and rigidly enforced. The following are a few with regard to diet: Little salt. No coarse vegetables. No pork or veal. Two meals a day—breakfast at eight and dinner at two. If supper is allowed at all, it must be a very light and simple one several hours before bed time, and is not recommended.

It is reckoned much against a man's wind to go to bed with a full stomach. No fat meat is ever given, and no butter and cheese, which are considered indigestible. Pies and pastry are not allowed. Meat must always be taken fresh, and not seasoned. Salt meats are not allowed. Puddings and hard dumplings are considered unfit to be eaten. The trainers say, 'People may as well take earthenware into their stomachs."

JUDGE (who is bald-headed)—"If half what the witnesses testify against you is true, your conscience must be as black as your hair." Prisoner—"If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then your honor hasn't got any conscience at all."

Salvation Oil will relieve and cure pain at lightning speed. Price 25 cents a bottle.

"Paper, sir? No charge if you don't find Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in it." Price 25 cents.

SNAILS AND THEIR HOUSES.

THE SNAIL is undoubtedly a well-known, but also, we fear, a somewhat unpopular character. Apart from this, however, snails have some claim upon our attention in that there is not probably a square foot of land, whether cultivated or uncultivated, which is not inhabited by molluscs of some kind, from the big apple snail, which sometimes attains the magnitude of one's closed fist, down to the tiny varieties which can only be readily collected by brushing the wet grass with the gauze net of the entomologist.

It is well-known that the Romans were very partial to snail as an article of food, and that they fed them, in places called "cochlearia," on bran sodden with wine, until they grew to so enormous a size, that their shells could contain eighty pieces of money of the common currency; and we even read of those fattened with such success that they could hold ten quarts.

There is no manner of doubt that a diet of apple snails is useful in consumption. An instance is cited where a patient was entirely cured by the mucilaginous juice of the "huge, fleshy, and delicious snails," and administered without his knowledge in every conceivable form.

In January 1758, we find an author writing with reference to a young lady who suffered from a cough at night, recommending two or three snails boiled in her barley-water, as likely to be of service to her. "Taken in time," she adds, "they have done wonderful cures. They give no manner of taste; but she must know nothing of it, and they must be fresh done every two or three days, otherwise they grow too thick." Pliny also recommends them, beaten up raw and taken in warm water, as a remedy for a cough. As a medicine, snails have been prescribed for other diseases besides consumption.

They were prescribed also as a plaster for corns, so efficacious as to take them "cleane away within seven days' space;" and in Ireland, a water distilled from small shells in canary wine, in the month of May, was deemed a great restorative, as well as suitable for external application as a cosmetic well calculated to impart whiteness and freshness to the complexion.

Addison, in his travels, mentions having seen a snail-garden, or "escargotiere," at the Capucins in Friburg, where was a square place boarded in and filled with a vast quantity of large snails, the floor being strewn about half a foot deep with several kinds of plants for them to nestle amongst in winter.

Such snaileries have been in use for a length of time in various parts of Europe. Sometimes they consist of a cask covered with a net, into which the snails are put and kept until they are sufficiently fattened. In Lorraine, a corner of the garden surrounded by a fine trellis work to prevent their escaping, is frequently assigned to them, and vegetables of various kinds are placed within for their sustenance.

Snails form no inconsiderable item in the bill of fare of gipsies; but when first gathered it is necessary to starve them for a few days, inasmuch as they feed upon poisonous plants such as the poppy and deadly nightshade, besides being much addicted to many injurious kinds of fungi.

Not only, however, are the snails nutritious to the human species, but birds also are great consumers, crushing their shells and extricating their juicy bodies; and it is to the thousands of snails which are eaten by the sheep that pasture on the downs, where, after a shower of rain, such myriads of snails appear, that the flavor of Southdown mutton owes much of its great celebrity.

Nothing is more remarkable than the vitality of some species of snails. Pond-snails have been frequently found alive in logs of mahogany from Honduras, and specimens belonging to the collection of a gentleman in Dublin, after having been dried for a period of fifteen years, nevertheless revived when placed in water. We are told that workmen employed in the construction of the Erie Canal, in the State of New York, found several hundred live molluscs at a depth of forty feet. Professor Morse records that he has seen certain species frozen in solid blocks of ice, which have afterwards regained their activity. Maderia snails imprisoned closely in pill-boxes for two years and a half, have nevertheless survived; and a desert-snail from Egypt fixed to a tablet in the British Museum, March 25th, 1846, being immersed in tepid water, marvellously but completely recovered after an interval of four years. The vitality of snails' eggs likewise passes belief. Even if desiccated in a furnace until reduced to a minuteness barely visible, they will always regain their original bulk when damped, and the young will be brought forth as successfully as though the eggs had never been interfered with! Nor has cold any injurious effect upon them, for they may be frozen into ice for any length of time, and yet, when the ice has melted, will be found to be wholly uninjured.

As winter comes on, the snail becomes sensible of the approach of resistless lassitude, scoops a hole in the ground, lines and covers the chamber with a kind of mortar made of dead leaves and slime, and, retiring within this cell, proceeds to make itself still more snug by closing the mouth of its shell with a diaphragm which gradually hardens, but is minutely perforated opposite the respiratory orifice. As the animal withdraws further into his shell, other slime plates are made, which act on the principal of double windows, enclosing a layer of air between each pair, and so effectually protecting him from the cold.

With the return of the spring, when the woods are melodious with the songs of birds intent on the perpetuation of their species, the snail reappears, and sets about making a nest-like hole in the ground, wherein its eggs, a cluster of from thirty to fifty—in form resembling the berries of mistletoe—are by-and-by laid. They are hatched in perhaps twenty days, when the young one emerge in a lovely bubble-like shell, and acquire full growth in about twelve months.

The snail's commonest mode of progression is crawling, the under side of its body forming a broad, muscular foot, by the expansion and contraction of which the animal is enabled to glide; and it is this creeping motion on the window-pane, to which the creature is held tightly by atmospheric pressure, which, when heard in the stillness of the night watches, sometimes disturbs so mysteriously the slumbers of the occupant of a room.

In times medieval the shell of "the hero who carries his house on his back," as Hesiod calls the snail, acquired high rank among the numerous amulets which were supposed to ward off from the body evil influences, and impart health and vigor.

In Scotland and the North of England fortunes are sometimes told by the agency of snails; if, for instance, on leaving your house, you see a black snail, it should be promptly thrown over the left shoulder, when you may go on your way rejoicing; but if, on the other hand, you should fling the creature over the right shoulder, then be assured it is no primrose path which lies before you.

In Carmarthenshire lands are said to have been gambled away by means of snail races; the rival steeds being placed at the foot of a post, victory and land were won for its owner by the fortunate mollusk who should first gain the top.

WELLS AND EMBANKMENTS.—Wells are the most characteristic feature of that riverless country, Tripoli, North Africa. Look where you will, you see in every direction the two upright posts of white-washed stone or clay that mark the well's mouth, and the wooden crosspieces from which the bucket hangs outlined against the sky like a primeval gallows.

The very fields, with their high earthen embankments, form natural tanks, within which, tanks of small trenches and tiny dams of earth a few inches high, the surface is cut into miniature reservoirs (not unlike the squares of a huge chessboard) in which the torrent rains which fall at short intervals from November till March are retained and allowed to sink into the ground instead of running to waste, as in South Africa.

These embankments give quite a peculiar character to the whole landscape in these parts. In following any local road you find yourself from first to last struggling along the bottom of a very deep, dusty, tortuous ditch, shut in by huge banks of earth, created with the spiky shields of the terrible "prickly pear." At times these banks are replaced by high, blank, white walls of stone or baked clay, from the top of which wolfish Mohammedan dogs bark at every passing Christian.

What with the walls and with the banks you see as little of the surrounding country as if you were in a tunnel; but in truth you have quite enough to do in picking your way, for ever and anon the whole breadth of the road is taken up by a monstrous puddle of half-liquid mud, a relic of the winter rains, leaving a tiny isthmus a few inches broad between it and the wall. Should you be unlucky enough to encounter at one of these critical points a frightened camel or a file of laden donkeys, it is likely to go hard with you, for whether they push you off into the mud or splash through it themselves to let you pass, you are pretty certain to come out of the dilemma a good deal dirtier than you went into it.

THE EFFECT OF MARRIAGE.—Doubtless you have remarked with satisfaction how the little oddities of men who marry rather late in life are pruned away speedily after their marriage. You have found a man who used to be shabbily and carelessly dressed, with a huge shirt collar, frayed at the edges, and a glaring yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, broken of these things, and become a pattern of neatness. You have seen a man whose hair and whiskers were ridiculously cut, speedily become like other human beings.

You have seen a clergyman, who wore a long beard, in a little while appear without one. You have seen a man who used to sing ridiculous sentimental songs, leave them off. You have seen a man who took snuff, copiously, and who generally had his breast covered with snuff, abandon the habit.

A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of bits of orange peel; no touching all the posts in walking along the streets; no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man, whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man; for the little corners are rounded off and the little shoots are pruned away in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like wholesome, though painful shears, snipping off little growths of self-conceit.

HINTS FOR HOME.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence of affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceburg surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of fraternal love. Think it not a weariness. Teach your children to love—to love the rose, the robin, to love their parents, their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords.

EMPTY HEARTED.—The worst condition the heart of man can be in is to be empty. It is common mistake to suppose that the needs and the cravings of the heart can be wholly supplied to it from outside sources, that all it wants is the love and sympathy, the kindness, and tenderness of others poured upon it. A much deeper need of the heart is to be full of affection and goodwill and generous impulses of its own, to be able to sympathize in others' joys and sorrows, to have such an abundance of rich heart-treasures to bestow that there is but little thought of what it is to receive. When this need is fulfilled, all other blessings will flow in; for love and sympathy, while the cravings of a cold and selfish nature will never be supplied. What actually does rush in to fill such a vacuum is suspicion, jealousy, bitterness, perhaps even enmity and hatred.

BE CONTENT.—There was a boy who only wanted a marble. When he had the marble he only wanted a ball; when he had a ball he only wanted a top; when he had a top he only wanted a kite; and when he had a marble, ball, top and kite, he was not happy. There was a man who only wanted money; when he had money he only wanted a house; when he had a house he only wanted land; when he had land he only wanted a coach; and when he had money, house, land and coach, he wanted more than ever. Be content with little, for much will have more all the world over.

SHAKE OFF THE EFFECTS of a Bad Cold promptly by the use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and escape the danger of irritating the Lungs into a fatal disease.

Humorous.

IN A FIX.

A chap was strolling down the street,
With yellow shoes upon his feet
And glasses on his nose;
A two-pound cane was in his hand,
Around his waist a belly band
As red as any rose.

He wore a suit of striped clothes,
And from his hat-crown to his toes
He seemed in perfect trim.
But any one with half an eye
Could very easily descry
That something bothered him.

That chap was strolling with a maid;
She had suggested lemonade,
And he was in a pickle.
His little nerves had come unstrung,
His little lungs had come unhung—
He didn't have a nickle.

—U. N. None.

A big hat is no sign of a great head.

Best place to hold the World's Fair—Right around the waist.

Is the woman who goes to church to exhibit her sealskin sacque religious?

When a man comes to time, does it not prove that time waits for some men?

The superintendent of a cemetery makes grave charges against the best of us.

Most of us worry over our trials, but the lawyers worry if they haven't any.

It's no sin to sin, but it's a sin to be caught sinning. That is—if you are in society.

While the true American does not believe in a king, he will bet his last cent on four of them.

In some respects horses can beat black smiths at their own trade. It doesn't take them as long to make a bolt.

In the Spring the young sprig's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. The trees also become sappy about the same time.

"Death from lead poisoning" is the polite expression used by Colorado juries to specify a gambler's fate in a shooting affray.

There is one old fellow in Boston who is pretty hard up. The other day he went into a shop and tried to pawn the coat of his stomach.

It is advisable to put our hearts into whatever work we may have to perform, but it is wise to think well before we put our money in.

He: "I am thinking of embracing a literary life." She: "I do not doubt that the life will be a very happy one if you—*if* you should treat it the way you spoke of."

A Stranger, to small boy: "Is your father home?" Small boy: "No, sir. He went to the cemetery this morning." "When will he return?" "He's gone to stay."

"His Gain, Our Loss!" was the motto which they told the florist to produce, but he got it, accidentally: "His Loss, Our Gain!" and now the widow is suing for libel.

Mistress: "Maggie, where do you suppose you will go to if you tell such falsehoods as this?" Maggie: "Sure, ma'am, I don't care; I have friends in ayther place."

A Southern editor, evidently hen-pecked, says that, "If in our school-days the 'rule of three' is proverbially trying, how much harder, in after life, do we feel the rule of one!"

"John! John! where are the letters I left on the bureau?" "I posted them, sir." "But they had no address." "Ah!—but I thought you didn't wish to have it known where they went."

Jones: "I never saw anything go like the sugar in this house. Four pounds in six weeks! It's awful! How do you account for it?" Mrs. J.: "I don't know, unless the grocer puts quicksand in it."

Millionaires: "Is this the office of the Real Estate and Title Guarantee Company?" Clerk: "Yes, 'm." Millionaires: "I have a million dollars' worth of real estate which I wish to exchange for a title. Have you a Count or a Marquis?"

Miss Violet Wilde, wandering in the woods: "How glorious it is to gaze on this wild scenery, and behold Nature in all her primitive majesty!" Mr. Matter-of-Fact: "H'm—ye-es! Especially when there's a good, comfortable hotel only a couple of miles away."

"Bridget, I wish you would fill my ink stand for me." "Please, mum, ivery toime Oi fills that inkstand Oi gits me hands that black they don't git clane for a wake." "But you surely do not expect me to do it?" "No, mum; but Oi was thinkin' yes moight ax th' colored cook."

Daughter: "Talk about your Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Everett Calhoun, etc., pshaw! Henry made a better speech than any of them last night." Father: "What did he say?" Daughter: "He said, 'Nellie, I love you; I have three millions. Will you have me?'"

Cravat: "Beastly place, this!" Collah: "Yaas. I met a man to-day who weally had the impudence to tell me that a fellah couldn't succeed here without bwains; but I gave it back to him hot." "What did you say to him?" "I told him that I came from a place where people belonging to good families didn't bother their heads about such things. I tell you what, he looked thoroughly sat on and said, 'I believe you.'"

While a certain lady was feeding a hungry tramp the other day, she discovered that he was pocketing her silverware. Seizing a poker, she exclaimed: "Drop those spoons, you scoundrel, and leave the house, leave it instantly!" "But, madam—" "Leave the house, I say; leave the house!" screamed the infuriated woman. "I go, madam," said the tramp, "never to return; but before I do I would like to say that I did not intend to take your house."

A YOUNG woman with the motto craze has daintily embroidered in golden thread, on the silken case in which her garments rest at night, "Two of a kind make a pair." On a very narrow skirt, which is fur-trimmed, and which was the cause of her tumbling out of a stage the other day, she has etched in embroidery silk, just above the hem on the inside, "Look before you leap." Her umbrella case bears the politic announcement that it is "For protection only," while on a bundle of letters sent back to a rejected lover impertinence reached its height as they were tied with a blue ribbon conveying the intelligence that "It's good to be off with the old love."

INDUSTRY is essentially social. No man can improve either himself or his neighbor without neighborly help, and to better the world is to set the world to work together. Every useful invention has been carried out and perfected by the co-operation of many minds, or by the successive applications of varied genius to the same object, age after age. The mechanic must aid the philosopher, or he must stand still in his demonstrations; and the philosopher must aid the mechanic, or he will work and work without wisdom. The astronomer needs the telescope, and the chemist his material and apparatus. The sciences hang on the arts, and the arts on the sciences.

HE, trying to start a conversation: "I hear that another comet has just been discovered." She, a college girl: "Oh, yes; and you can easily find it with a small telescope, such as everyone knows nowadays. It is now about five hours fifty-one minutes right ascension, and about fifteen degrees North declension, with a retrograde motion of nearly one minute per diem in right ascension. Are you interested in astronomy?" He, floundering around mentally: "Um—er—yes; but I prefer football. What do you think of our team this season?"

IN FIJI.—With all our nineteenth century luxury we are not so far advanced as the Fijian chiefs, who, according to a recent traveller's tale, employ exclusive hair dressers, whose duties are confined to keeping in order the employer's woolly tresses. But the male inhabitants of the Marquesa Islands surpass even these, for there it is nothing uncommon for the husband to have his wife's head shaved, and to appropriate to his own adornment the borrowed locks.

CUSTOMER: "I've been cheated; I thought you said this parrot would talk." Bird Fancier: "No, sir. What I said was that he had been brought up in the company of learned men, and was full of philosophy and scholarship. Of course, he don't talk. Mere idle words have no attraction for him. But he's a remarkable parrot, because he's a great thinker."

An Unequaled Triumph. An agency business where talking is unnecessary. Here are portraits of Miss Anna Page of Austin, Texas, and Mr. Jno. Bonn of Toledo, Ohio. The lady writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand photograph album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly." The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains. the people generally are wonderstruck and order at sight. Has orders taken last week for a pair, \$5 of over $1 00." This is the chance you have been looking for. You can make from $5 to $25 and upwards every day of your life. Talk not necessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the grandest success ever known, and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size—the largest made. Bound in richest, most elegant and artistic manner, in finest silk velvet plush. Bindings splendidly ornamented in the charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular $10 album, but it is sold to the people for only $5. How can we do it? It is the greatest hit of the times; we are manufacturing 50, 000, and are satisfied with a profit of a few cents on each. Agents wanted! Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and testaments, also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our agents are always successful. We do the largest business with agents in America, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms for all of above mailed Free. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., BOX 1705, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as SOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, wherein seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

A great many fancy silks, brocbes, striped, or covered with flowers in the Louis XVI. style, are being made up, especially in moss-green and cream. The skirts are trained, the robe Princess shape, flat in front, and plenty of pleats behind; the bodices have often a Medicis collar added, which looks well when the hair of the wearer is dressed high and a small tiara added.

I saw a pretty ball dress made of cream satin, with tulle overskirt striped with gold embroidery, and beads scattered all over it; vieux-bleu velvet bodice, rather short-waisted, cut with an open square front, with seven small clashes round it, showing gold-embroidered tulle; velvet sleeves, slashed with tulle, divided on the shoulders with gold ribbon: ribbon velvet waistband, worked with silk and gold; gold-colored feathers in the hair and on the shoulders.

Another, made of silver-grey crepe de Chine, was worked all round the skirt with a deep band of fine steel and jet embroidery; low bodice, covered like a cuirass with the same embroidery in front; the back of the dress in silver-grey armure; Empire sleeves of folded crepe.

The bonnets for day wear are dark, small, and not effective looking—for no Parisienne dresses much for the streets; for theatres and concerts bonnets are light colored, and covered with embroidery, and trimmed with plenty of aigrettes.

The prettiest bonnet or hat for theatre wear is a kind of small toque without crown, and consists of a twist of yellow, pink, or blue crepe, worked in gold, ornamented in front with a handsome curved aigrette rising out of a velvet bow.

The hair is worn frizzed, and comes out at the top and all round. The toque is a headdress; strings can be added or not, according to fancy. Some capotes are made in the shape of a child's cap, of either dark or light velvet; pale blue is rather in vogue just now, with beads and gold embroidery, and aigrettes to match; others are entirely composed of gold filigree openwork, with a small bow, and a rosette of ribbon in front. Embroidery will also be used outside and inside large velvet hats ornamented with plenty of handsome feathers.

Mantles and cloaks for evening wear are extremely rich, such as white silk matelasse, worked in gold, and lined with mauve or pink plush or ermine; or clair de lune satin, resplendent with beads and metallic work, resembling the wonderful mantle of Theodora, and imitating the shades in a peacock's tail. Some cloaks are striped with silver, steel, or gold, mixed with greenish or bluish metallic thread (which gives a fairy-like appearance); and some have a wide border of swansdown, which is returning into favor again.

Feather fans, half marabout, half curled feathers, are still much in vogue, but for theatre use handsome screens, that do not fold, are preferred; they are made of curled feathers, and have tortoiseshell handles with gold monogram; in the centre is a tuft of marabout, on which hovers either a humming bird with ruby eyes, or a large butterfly made of sparkling jewels. If fans are used, they are generally light colored, either blue, pink, or white gauze, with a painted border of flowers, or threaded with narrow ribbons.

Boas are more in favor than ever; there seems quite a mania for them. They are 3 or 4 yards long, and are worn with low dresses at the theatre, made of soft lace, or feathers slightly tinted white, grey, or pink. In fur some are light and some dark, but always good quality and soft. They are equally worn in the daytime, either grey, white, or brown. Muffs are very large, and when made in material are ornamented with quillings of lace and large ribbon bows, with long streaming ends.

Gloves for evening wear are much trimmed. Long light Suede gloves have a quilling of old lace round, and are embroidered near the elbow in silk and gold thread, with either monogram or armorial bearings. The lace falls down on the arms and over the gloves, and looks very cloudy and attractive with light dresses.

Stockings are more fanciful than ever. They are made of silk, with white lace insertion, worked with gold or metallic colors. Some are embroidered all up the leg, from the toe to the knee, and fastened with light silk garters, trimmed with either swansdown or ruches of Valenciennes lace. Others have open-work clocks, showing the skin as if through a cobweb.

Shoes follow suit in luxury. They are still made pointed, and some so small and low that they are almost like sandals, with the ends covered with brilliant bead work, showing up on the light satin foundation. Flat shoes (without heels) are worn for dancing, fastened on the instep with embroidered ribbon. For day wear, either high kid boots or shoes with paste buckles are in vogue; the latter have often straps across, showing the silk stockings through. I have heard of house shoes with heels bound with gold and painted with miniatures; but these are affected by those only who have more money than sense.

The hair is worn high and raised up from the nape of the neck, which has the effect of making the head look small; it is frise and slightly waved, and ribbon rosettes or aigrettes are placed among the waves. For balls and full dress small wreaths of gold filigree foliage, with a tuft of feathers and aigrettes in front are worn; the wreath encircling the top of the head.

Then another, and perhaps the latest style, is the tiara or half-diadem in the form of a small ducal coronet, made either of precious stones or large pear shaped pearls; it is worn placed among the hair, as it were; but, of course, is not within the reach of many, and requires a very stylish woman to wear it. Powder is more and more in favor for full evening dress or opera, and certainly looks very well with diamonds in a well-lighted room.

A black armure silk, the kind that seems most in favor (being durable and not liable to become greasy), was trimmed with bands of red, covered with an open-worked red galon. Points of this were interpleated down the front, and side panels were edged with it, this breadth buttoning down for part of its length.

The bodice was trimmed en Zouave, with handsome black passementerie over red. A fawn colored cloth of fine quality had some handsome braiding in front, ending in heavy tassels of silk fringe; this opened over tawny orange, with a good admixture of reddish-brown in its tone—a most excellent combination. Many skirts now are made all round, but, in lieu of drapery, some of the richer fabrics open at the sides as the wearer moves, to show the under-panellings of contrasting color and material.

Another example of this was a neutral-colored checked velvet introduced under the folds of the back and sides, and as a vest to the bodice; it was one of the most effectively elegant dresses I have seen this year. The sleeves, many of them, are buttoned inside the arm to half their depth.

A green cloth thus treated had a most handsome skirt; at the hem of the front breadth was a thick red and black silk ruche, edging some magnificient red and black embroidery carried in broad decided points up the front breadth. Fawn and tones of drab are much in favor, and a deep shade of drab cloth opened over a peach front, but only in such a fashion that it seemed to show inadvertently and not as a bold decided front breadth, forming the most important part of the dress. On the sides of this gown was an applique of black guipure, on one side broad, on the other narrow.

A teagown I saw here was new and most stylish. The Princess back was made of a velvet leaf brocade on a gauze ground, and of so dark a blue that I never doubted but it was black; it was interthreaded with gold, which was almost invisible, and needed seeking for; but the front was one soft, graceful drapery of brilliant cherry-colored crepe de Chine, bordered on either side with pleated red frills.

Ribbons confined the fulness at the waist and a high wired Medicis collar stood up at the back. The sleeves, which were full and came to the elbow, were made also of the red crepe de Chine, opening on the outside of the arm, to show the skin; the skirt was exceedingly long.

Odds and Ends.

OF SOME FANCY ARTICLES.

Circular willow fruit baskets, some in their natural color, others peeled, and a few gilded, have adorned many a fashionable dinner table this autumn, sunk in billows of soft silk. At one dinner party the baskets were brown, the silk yellow, while rich-hued Virginia creeper tendrils strayed over the folds. The lamps and candle shades were yellow, with a spray of the creeper laid on each.

On another table a rich red brocade cloth was laid down the centre, embroidered in shades of old gold, with clusters of red cactus dahlias, surrounded with autumn tinted leaves placed at distances, four larger ones being at the corners. The tints of the flowers and leaves corresponded exactly with those of the brocade and embroidery. The lamp and candle shades were red.

Small fretwork wheelbarrows, fitted with tins and filled with flowers, are sometimes seen at the four corners of a centre cloth; and if this latter is of gold-colored plush, pushed or wrinkled up in the centre, and the flowers yellow, the effect is remarkably good. The folds in the plush throw up all its rich lustre.

At a dinner party, in a wild, mountainous, wooded district, a layer of moss was laid down the centre of the table, into which fungi of the brightest hues were put, as if growing out of it. In the centre was a large china bowl, filled with fern and grasses. The country around was barren of flowers, and the hostess liked variety. The effect was most successful, and afforded a capital topic for conversation.

Muslin, with a silver or gilded design, is sometimes "ruffled up," down the centre of a table, with single flowers, such as pansies, chrysanthemums, alamanders, &c., scattered over, and silver or gilt spoons and ornaments arranged about the table and edges of the muslin.

It has lately come into fashion with various articles, such as small tables, brackets, photograph slides, with shelf above, for walls, iron tripod potato pots, &c., to sprinkle gold dust over the surface when the second coat is fresh. The powder is "dabbed" on lightly with a brush, and any metallic powder may be used; it looks very well. Lustra colors answer admirably for the purpose.

Sometimes a delicate spray of flowers, or a few butterflies, bats, or birds are painted in oils on this besprinkled surface.

Wooden overmantles, with a mirror in the centre, and numerous apertures for different sized photographs, now adorn many a wall where formerly the old-fashioned framed looking glass was to be seen. The accomplishment of the room or some friend generally design the arrangement, and get some "handy man" to carry out the idea. The photos are put in from the back, and can be easily changed, and the whole thing is made to hook on to nails fixed on the wall.

Little shelves or brackets are often placed above and beneath photos to hold small ornaments, but not to intercept the sight of the photos, and take away any stiff appearance. A great number of photos may be shown off in this way, as the overmantel varies in size according to individual taste. The long photo slides in wood for nailing on the wall are sometimes carried round a small boudoir, with a shelf above for ornaments. Each side holds from six to eight photos, which slip in from each side along a groove.

Another groove is cut in front of the back one for the two pieces of glass to slip in from each end, and meet in the middle. The length of each slide is about 29 inches long and 11 inches wide, and the shelf measures 5 inches in width. There is a space of 3 inches from the shelf to the top of the photo aperture, and from the base of it to the edge of the slide.

A narrow perpendicular bar sometimes (apparently) divides each photo, but more generally the photos are just pushed in, touching each other. These can be made in plain deal for cheaper and can be stained at home.

Staining and varnishing is coming much into favor, as any color can be obtained from a working painter—only one wash of stain is necessary, and two of varnish. The stain is, of course, liquid, and diluted with water. It is washed on with a good-sized brush, broadly and quickly, then lightly worked over with a flat, dry brush, the last touches being according to the grain of the wood. Copal, or clear drying varnish may be used.

In a few days all stickiness vanishes, and the whole is dry and durable. The cup of tea screens are now carried out in miniature, and adapted for standing on a table. The upper panels, measuring 7½ inches across by 5 inches deep, are covered with plush, and have gilt nails for hanging medals or miniatures on, and the lower ones, with a perpendicular bar dividing them, are large enough to hold a cabinet photo each, slipped in from the back.

The small shelf, about 3 inches wide, dividing the upper and lower panels, is used for very minute ornaments. The whole screen stands 20 inches high, and each leaf is 10 inches wide.

Drawn linen tea-cloths are now the most fashionable. Some are very handsome, and many have a large monogram worked and raised at one corner. Frames of white kid, painted, are novel, and are sometimes given as wedding presents. Painted opaque glass lanterns for nightlights, in pink, blue and opal, are popular.

Confidential Correspondents.

MRS. A. M.—At present we have all the stories we are in need of.

MONSIEUR.—The French words "faire careme" means to keep Lent.

CASTEWOOD. — The numbers of THE POST containing "The Outlaw's Daughter" are now out of print, and it is not published in book-form.

SELINA.—A letter addressed "poste restante" at any place simply means that it is to be left till called for. Most Continental towns have a poste restante.

A. F. M.—Convicts are no longer sent out of England. New South Wales has long ceased to be a penal colony; the last batch of convicts sent to Sydney landed in 1840.

RHODA.—The length of the term for dancing lessons depends entirely upon the person teaching or rules of the school to which you go; every academy makes its own arrangements.

TOM THUMB.—Defaced postage stamps are not of the slightest use; we have seen them used for an odd-looking dado round a room, and for gipsy tables, but the effect produced is hardly worth the trouble of putting them on.

GERMAN.—There can be no doubt that scale-playing before breakfast, which is often indulged in by young ladies, is very prejudicial to your nerves. Equally so is tenacious sitting at the piano for four or five hours together.

BROKEN.—We should say the young man was not worth breaking your heart about. There are plenty better ones in the world. Wait till the right one comes along, and you will laugh at your troubles over this worthless one.

M. A. S. H.—Steel is softened by first making it very hot, and then allowing it to cool slowly, repeating the operation when necessary; being the converse of making steel hard, which is to make it hot, then cool it rapidly by water.

L. A. F.—There would be nothing wrong in writing to the young lady. If you can put your hopes and thoughts better into a letter than into words, address her in that way, by all means. If she is silly enough to ridicule what you mean as sober earnest, she is hardly worth thinking about.

T. E. L.—"To curry favor" is a corruption of middle English—to curry "favell;" that is, to rub down a horse. Favell was a common name for a horse in the fourteenth century. Other authorities give the derivation of the word curry as coming from the French "courir"—to hunt after, to seek.

AURORA.—Love philtres are things that went out of date after the dark ages; anyone professing to make or vend such things nowadays would be liable to be dealt with in the same fashion as fortune-tellers and planet-rulers, and all the rest of the tribe of impostors who profess to look into the future.

J. T. S.—A good coating for canvas, to render it waterproof, may be made by dissolving india rubber or gutta-percha in naptha. This varnish can be bought ready made. It should be put upon the canvas with a brush, and very thin. When nearly dry, it must be well dusted over with powdered French chalk.

S. E. J.—The gold lettering on the backs of books is done as follows: A thin film of gold size is first brushed over the leather; upon this, when sufficiently dry, a leaf of gold is placed. The letters (each of which is a steel die) are then pressed with some force upon the leather. The dies are made hot before they are applied.

YEOMAN.—If you are sincerely attached to the young lady, we think the difference in age would not matter. As a rule, though, the husband should be older than the wife for many obvious reasons. If he be younger, he cannot maintain his authority so well; and then, too, a woman is always older for her age than a man.

J. KEITH.—We do not see that any possible harm could come to your eyesight through the extraction of the eye teeth. There is such a belief prevalent, but it is merely a popular fallacy. At the same time, it is not a good thing to have the teeth extracted at all, unless their removal has become an urgent necessity and stopping them an impossibility.

K. F.—Your timidity is simple nervousness, or rather nervelessness. The valves of the heart suffer a sudden contraction, and the surface blood is thus hindered from flowing in its proper course. It is impossible to prevent this, save by education, reason, or custom. It would be absurd to advise any remedy, which would indeed be worse than the disease.

CHEQUER.—A widow marrying a second time should be guided by her husband's wishes as to whether she shall remove her first wedding ring from her finger before the new one is placed on. When a lady has been twice married, two wedding rings are frequently seen on the same finger, while occasionally the first one is placed on the corresponding finger of the right hand.

RUDSTON.—This is simply a question of conscience, and your conscience is against you. You love the girl and make her love you; and then your passion cools; and you ask us whether you would do well to marry her; that is, your conscience tells you that you are wrong; so you ask us whether you are right? There still seems to be a remnant of generous feeling in your heart; follow its impulses, and trust to make the future a happy one.

MARIA D.—There are various means by which the color of the hair may be changed or modified. Address "Dollard & Co., 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.," and if there is anything suitable to your case they will put you in the way of it. 2 "The Duchess" is an English lady who chooses to hide her real name under this title. It is taken from the title of the first story she ever wrote. "Ouida" is the pen-name of Louise de la Ramee an English lady of title. It is a child's way of pronouncing "Louisa" and is pronounced as if spelt "We-da." 3 In French the word "mal" meaning ache or pain is applied to the particular spot aching or paining. Thus "mal-de-tete" is headache; "mal-de-pied" is a sore foot; "mal-de-sieu" a pain in the breast; and "mal-de-dos" a pain in the back, or back-ache. 4 "The Marseillaise Hymn was written by a young Frenchman named Roget de l'Isle. 5 We thank you for your offer but just now we have all the stories we need.